JOHN BULL, week ending August 8, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1886

3D EVERY THURSDAY

TRUTH ABOUT WASTED MAN POWER By The EDITOR

GUINEAS FOR FORCES LETTERS

AMERICA'S MIGHTY PUNCH by A.G.G.

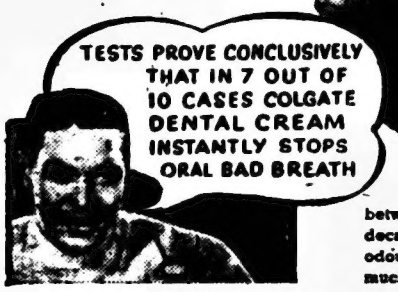
YOU'VE HAD SOME-
THING MORE THAN A
DRINK WHEN
YOU'VE HAD
A GUINNESS

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

WHY PICK ON WOMEN?

. . . men are just as guilty!

Yes, bad breath is no respecter of persons . . . or sex. So, if you find you're losing your popularity, it may be that *you* need Colgate Dental Cream — the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.



"Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."

You can see for yourself how Colgate's brightens your teeth, giving you a more attractive, more sparkling smile! You will enjoy its flavour. It's such a *pleasant* way to combat bad breath.

'THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

1/1 *Including Tax*

What do I do . . .

to improve our bone-salvage?

At present only *one* meat bone out of every *four* that leaves the butchers' shops is returned for salvage; and this means a dead loss of over 50,000 tons a year when bones are urgently needed for explosives, medical products, animal feeding stuffs, and fertilisers.

So when I have finished with them, and they are clean and dry, I put the bones in a metal container, such as an old saucepan, ready for collection.

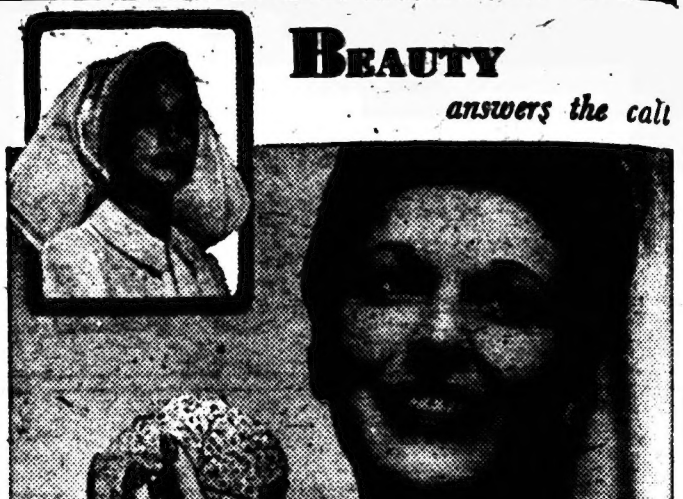
I know that every scrap of bone is needed, including poultry and rabbit bones, but not fish bones.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

BEAUTY

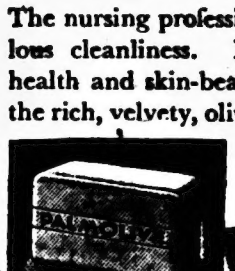
answers the call



But . . . a Nurse knows how to keep that

Schoolgirl Complexion

The nursing profession teaches the importance of scrupulous cleanliness. It is the only way to lasting skin-health and skin-beauty. That is why a daily bath with the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive will cleanse, soothe and beautify — keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



PALMOLIVE

3½d. including Tax

YOU WERE WARNED

by JAYS two years ago that prices would rise —

— wise customers took heed of this advice.

WE WARN YOU AGAIN that many lines will soon be unobtainable **BUY NOW** before it's too late.

3 years to Pay or NO DEPOSIT TERMS

JAYS

256-260 TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.1
MANCHESTER, 1:
28, 28, 30, OLDHAM STREET
GLASGOW, C.2:
19-25, SAUCHIEHALL STREET
200 Other Branches
CALL AT NEAREST BRANCH

POST TO-DAY!

☐ Please send special Catalogue
☐ Please ask representative to call

NAME
ADDRESS

(Post in Penny stamped Unsealed envelope) J.B. 6/8/42.

Despite wartime handicaps your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders, 7d & 1/1½

Here's a food that's

STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE

THE 5-STAR

COCOA

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 8, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

● What happens to books handed in at post offices by the public for distribution to the Forces?

"John Bull" can tell you of an incredible and deplorable gap in the scheme.

The books are sent to Service rest rooms and libraries here and overseas.

They are *not* sent to the Servicemen who need them most—to the wounded in military hospitals!

Such men, to whom good reading matter would relieve the boredom of disablement and the hardships of pain, have been entirely overlooked.

NOT FOR THEM

"John Bull" hopes that, following our disclosure, the authorities will quickly organise libraries for the military hospitals, and particularly those in remote districts.

And we hope the public will provide the books.

Straight from the Shoulder

TIME OF DESTINY

IN this darkest hour for the United Nations, let us balance the news.

Better still, look behind the news.

Where's the R.A.F.?

The public is perplexed because the R.A.F. has launched so few 1,000-bomber raids, though, of course, Mr. Churchill said that all raids could not be on this scale. There is disappointment because the shattering air offensive, so long promised us, has been confined to only a handful of German towns.

Yet the truth is that the R.A.F. is busier than ever before.

Battle of the Lanes

Some of our bombers have been sent to other destinations and some have been swung over to Coastal Command, as JOHN BULL advised months ago.

They are battling against the gravest danger to the Western democracies—the stealthy assassins that lurk in the sea lanes.

Change of Air

The new U-boat is a marvel of engineering—and discomfort.

Not an inch of space is "wasted." There is no sleeping accommodation for the crew; no cooking or washing arrangements.

Under water, its engines drive on thin gas. So it does not have to surface to recharge enormous electric batteries. But it has to come up to change its foul air.

No Respite

If it comes up in daylight, it hears the drone of a big British bomber. Hurriedly it dives to its maximum depth of 600 feet, where it might be safe against depth charges—and bombs.

If it surfaces at night, it may find the sky lit by British flares, and down it goes again.

Striking Home

While it seeks to get beyond the range of our four-engined bombers, its bases in Germany are being bombed into rubble and twisted steel.

Duisburg, Hamburg, Bremerhaven and Kiel must be wrecked before the R.A.F. can resume its visits to German munition centres.

But the time will come when Air-Marshal Harris can carry out his terrible threat; when the Reich will be scourged from end to end; when every night will see vast armadas of British and American bombers crossing the North Sea.

Shaping the Future

That time should not be long delayed. For the Americans, though slow to start, are now striving to combat the U-boats in the western Atlantic as effectively as we are doing in the east, and thus to release our bomber forces for their main targets.

Crisis

In Russia, the supreme crisis has been reached.

It may not matter that the Germans are gaining towns and fording rivers; what matters is that the Soviets have lost half their wheat and half their coal.

No Farther!

Moreover, the whole transport system for Russia's oil is now jeopardised. If the enemy advance continues much further, the mighty armies of our allies might be paralysed.

That is the reason for Russia's urgent appeal to her own people and to the world. The Russian leaders are realistic; they do not seek comfort in soothing syrup.

Counter-Attack

But note that Timoshenko's tenacious hold on Veronezh gives him a strong position from which to swivel his counter-attacks at the enemy flanks.

And if he continues to hold Stalingrad, the Germans should be made to realise again that the capture of vast lands can be a liability and not an asset; they will again lay exposed to a second great winter offensive by the Soviets.

New Duty

Even so, there will be a new strain on the allied resources.

This winter, Britain and the U.S. must send not only arms, but food and coal, to those who for so long have withstood the great bulk of the Nazi forces.

Rommel Is Strong

In Egypt, a fresh disappointment shows the folly of under-rating the enemy's power of quick recovery, the cost of allowing him to "dig in."

The fact is that Rommel is far stronger than we thought.

Need for Speed

Any lull in the fighting is apt to be to his advantage. He is receiving supplies across the Mediterranean narrows; Auchinleck is hampered by a 12,000-mile transport route.

It is some consolation that we are showing tactical skill and a spirit of fierce initiative; but the need for the utmost speed in launching a real offensive is paramount.

We should use the air to reinforce Auchinleck; we must give him *quickly* the means to smash a way through Rommel's well-organised and fast-increasing defences.

Western Front

The same considerations apply to the Western Front.

German strength in the Occupied Countries is at its lowest; the spirit of the oppressed peoples is at its peak.

In 1916, the allies asked Russia to open a second front. Russia complied at heavy cost. In 1942, we wish to open a second front not only to aid our Russian friends, but because it is wise strategy.

Hasten the Date

That much has been agreed by the United Nations' statesmen.

But now, in this time of exceptional crisis, we should strive to advance the day when our forces will hammer a way into Europe.

Invitation

M. Maisky has told M.P.s that the time to open a Second Front in Europe is now. His conviction is shared by many cautious observers; it is strengthened, not weakened, by the oddly anxious invitation of Dr. Goebbels.

The world's greatest liar invites us to invade the Continent because, he says to his own people, it will result in the destruction of Britain and the United States!

If that were really the Nazi view, he would hardly follow his invitation by arguments to deter us from accepting.

Ready to Strike

In the Far East, an autumn of ferocious fighting will succeed the summer lull.

Japan, like Germany, must conquer or perish. Her navy has been pounded and riddled but not annihilated; her army of merciless fanatics is almost as strong as ever.

Three-Point Plan

One great force waits in Burma for the end of the monsoon to hurl itself against Wavell's defences in India. A second will stage a diversion in the south; Port Moresby, that outpost of Australia, is already threatened.

The biggest force will try once more to beat China to her knees. If Hitler seems likely to succeed in Russia, then a fourth plan would be put into operation by Tokio's warlords—a stab in the Russian back.

On Balance

Thus we are confronted by immense perils and great opportunities. The opportunities arise from the perils.

Let Russia halt the German advance, let us accept with maximum power and utmost speed the invitation gaped by Europe's jagged coasts, let China be sustained in her sixth year of battle, and the balance will tilt heavily in favour of the United Nations.

The Public Knows

Now, therefore, the United Nations must show stronger organisation and better timing than in the past. It is now or never with us.

But this is not the time for our leaders to issue appeals and exhortations to the people. It is no time for newspaper "stunts" or mass meetings convened by petty politicians.

The British people are not so unintelligent as to fail to perceive the critical importance of what is happening in Russia and what may happen in Europe.

Organise Victory!

They know that each and all must work to the limit of endurance in order to fashion the weapons of Victory.

They also know that their work and the proper use of the weapons they produce depend on good organisation—and that is a matter for our leaders.

Speeches are no substitute for wise planning.

The Militant Spirit

Months ago, Mr. Churchill recognised that the demand for a Western Front arose from "the militant, aggressive spirit of the British nation."

HE CAN BE ASSURED THAT THE NATION WILL RESPOND AS ONE MAN TO A MILITANT AND AGGRESSIVE LEADERSHIP.

(Continued overleaf)

"...WE ARE STILL FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES—"

THE PRIME MINISTER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AIR RAIDS!

GAS ATTACKS!

INVASION!

A Free Insurance Policy, underwritten at LLOYD'S, for every reader

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

LIKE a cancer in the vitals of the nation, bureaucracy grows unceasingly.

Civil Service staffs have increased from 300,000 to 700,000 during the war, and the rank-and-file are holding a meeting in London on August 10 to suggest economies in labour.

But the mandarins of Whitehall have just thought of a new knot to tie in the complicated tangles of red tape.

Bossing the Typists

There are to be more appointments. In future, typists in Government Departments will be kept in order not only by superintendents and chief superintendents, but also by senior chief superintendents and—mightiest of all—controllers!

Wordy Waste

To inaugurate these ponderous changes, the Treasury has issued a four-page, closely printed circular. It contains more than 2,800 words.

Attached are two pages of diagrams, showing how controllers, senior chief superintendents, chief superintendents and mere superintendents will be able to fall over each other's shoes in seeing that the humble typist correctly transcribes the august letters of Officialdom.

Sir Richard's Start

The letter is signed by Sir Richard Hopkins, newly appointed head of the Civil Service, and the man who will have to simplify great social changes after the war.

Evidently Sir Richard has already forgotten the Prime Minister's appeal for an avoidance of official jargon.

Clear as Mud

Here is a fair example of the circular's tortured English:

"Following the issue of this Circular the existing number of Chief Superintendents' posts in any Department which qualifies for any Chief Superintendents' posts on the new definition (*i.e.*, in any Department which has six or more headquarters superintendents or eighty headquarters typing staff, not counting allocated staff) may be taken as the number to be assimilated to the new rank of Chief Superintendent; but the organisation in each Department should be reviewed in the light of the new arrangements as soon as possible."

Gods on Earth

Pompously, it refers to the Lords of the Treasury as They and Them—according them the capital letters reserved for gods.

It invites consultation on the new appointments, presumably in order to waste more time; it offers the services of a Treasury official named Kettle.

And it deserves the obvious retort that the Treasury's kettles should sing to a different tune.

Snowed Under

If you would know how the bureaucratic machinery works (when it does work), read a book published this week under the title of "Passed to You, Please," by J. P. W. Mallalieu (Gollancz, 5s.).

Scathingly, the author comments that the Civil Service "is snowed under with paper, bogged in routine. It looks long before it leaps, and then lands in the most obvious pitfalls."

Having read the many examples cited in this stimulating book, no one can doubt either that the Civil Service must be reformed when peace comes or that it should be modified in war time.

One Year Passed

Among the cases quoted is that of a firm given an order for guns.

Within five months, the plant had been prepared and the firm was ready to start production. But specifications for the guns did not arrive until a year later—they had been passed from department to department in the War Office, and a year's production was lost.

In Conference

To which JOHN BULL can append a rather similar story.

War damage claims were held up for six months while the bureaucrats debated whether stocks of brown paper should be classed as "commodities" or "office equipment."

Paper in Plenty

Incidentally, demand notes for air raid damage insurance are now being sent to property owners.

One man has so far received seven demand notes, each in a separate envelope, each with a gummed and prepaid slip for return to the collector's office.

Officialdom, so eager to exhort the public to save, never attempts to save paper itself.

Belated Sense

However, there should be a great saving in rubber now that Mr. Morrison has at last decided that people need not always carry their gas masks—some schoolchildren have already worn out four or five masks.

There are signs of common-sense being officially applied in other directions. But not, unfortunately, in regard to such social services as old-age and Service pensions.

No, No, Sir Walter

Once again the Minister of Pensions has said "No."

The fact that he says it in such long and soothing phrases does nothing to alleviate the distress suffered by many war victims.

Sir Walter Womersley now declares that he cannot yet set up the independent tribunals to hear pension claims. And he has "no idea" when he will be able to do so.

Excuse

Certainly there is now a shortage of doctors. But it has not always existed to provide the Ministry with an excuse for inaction.

M.P.s are not mollified by the excuse. Major Milner points out that some ex-Servicemen and their relatives have been waiting in distress for two or three years. General Knox asks how they are to exist while waiting for a decision. Mr. Buchanan points out that some of the pensionless disabled are dying before having a chance to prove their case.

Sir Walter still says "No."

Passing the Unfit

There should be further questions in Parliament on a matter no less grave. A sanatorium doctor, analysing 300 cases of consumptive Servicemen under his care, declares that two-thirds of them could have been diagnosed by miniature X-rays at the time of enlistment.

Doctors, medical journals, tuberculosis societies are all alarmed at the intake into the Army of tubercular men who may infect healthy troops.

Why Not?

Yet, judging by an R.A.F. experiment, 100 men can be examined by miniature radiography in an hour. Obviously, if this method were applied to all recruits not only would men's health be saved but the country spared much expense for pensions and medical treatment.

The Horder Committee, which turned down the suggestion, should obviously be asked to think again.

Plain Sense

The Liverpool branch of the National Union of County Officers has passed this resolution:

"That we express our thanks to JOHN BULL for exposing the working conditions in the hospitals and institutions of this country.

"Further, that the Ministry of Health will get all the male and female nurses necessary when salaries, working conditions and amenities are all made attractive, so that nursing can be adopted as a career with future prospects."

Insult

After all, what inducement have women to volunteer for nursing?

One who did so seven months ago was asked at her interview whether she was anxious to take up nursing to "dodge conscription."

Since when she has heard nothing. She doesn't even know whether she has been accepted!

Damnable

Railway warrants are issued to munition workers to enable them to visit their homes—but only to those who were compulsorily transferred.

People who volunteered to work in far-away districts have apparently been overlooked. Mr. Bevin, we are sure, will agree that this is a damnable injustice and hasten to rectify it.

Not Good Enough

Moreover, some of his local officials are still letting him down.

London men, sent to a job 56 miles away, had been told by their local employment exchange that billets and all other arrangements had been made for them.

On arriving at the job they found conditions "fit for pigs."

They Went Home

What conditions? Well, verminous bedding, bad sanitary arrangements, and so on.

Half of the men returned home next day, paying their own fares.

Who could blame them?

Good Service

Retail distribution is being concentrated. But not very rapidly.

A Berkshire village consists of 48 cottages. It is served by nine bakers, each with motor vans.

Yet the petrol brought to our shores is often stained with the blood of brave seamen.

Left to Rot

Aberdeen's fishermen must even wonder if it is worth their while to put to sea.

For thousands of fish have been left unsold on the city's quays or sent to manure factories, though in many other parts of the country the fish shops are empty.

Surely three years of war is a long enough period in which to organise the distribution of the nation's food?

Going Begging

After that, it should surprise no one that a Midlands council—despite repeated applications to Whitehall—cannot dispose of 70 tons of tins it has collected.

Of course, you can't imagine the Germans wasting raw materials. But Whitehall is determined to show nothing in common with the Germans—not even their efficiency.

No Ill Feeling

No doubt there is a different reason for the waste of which a Scots reader complains—that glass is being fitted to raid-damaged shops that have stood empty since their Italian owners were interned.

The purpose, we imagine, is to demonstrate to our enemies that we feel greater Christian love for them than for our own people.

Behind the News

- **Laval has become Hitler's favourite quisling and, if necessary, will fly Hitler's peace kites, using the threat of Nazi destruction of France both as a bait and blackmail for good terms.**

- *Rome views this new development with extreme anxiety. No chance now of Italian claims against France succeeding!*

- Mussolini was twice openly snubbed by Rommel in Libya by refusals to attend conferences. Moreover, Rommel ignored the Duce for the rest of the time.

- **Absolute priority orders have been issued to Nazi squads to clear up R.A.F. damage in Hamburg and all maritime towns, and to ensure liberal food supplies, so as to maintain U-boat crews' morale. Seagoing German populations are the one section of the masses Nazis cannot bluff.**

- *German soldiers can no longer send home loot from occupied countries; newspapers ask the public not to regard troops as armed commercial travellers.*

- Hitler has ordered *Gestapo* Leader Wolff to join his bodyguard. It is said that, despite military successes, he is again living through fits of fear and depression.

- **Nazi psychologists have advised change of firing-squad policy in occupied countries. Gestapo refuse to agree that it can never succeed, have thus annoyed the Army whose garrisons are the chief victims.**

- Gestapo *in France has been reinforced by Prince Pyrmont-Waldeck, "the aristocratic hangman," to keep French big business leaders firmly tied to Hitler's cause.*

- Hardly a ship comes to Britain from South America without bringing volunteer airmen, soldiers and nurses.

- **Tokio cabinet is split on problem of attacking Russia. Delay adds to Jap danger, yet haste would be fatal if Hitler failed in Russia.**

MANPOWER WASTE: The TRUTH

ZERO hour has struck for the Minister of Production.

It is time for him to attack the biggest blunderers on the Home Front—the muddlers who waste men and women.

Mr. Lyttelton will have to fight every inch of the way. He will meet with heavy opposition from vested interests.

Those interests are not only the die-hard managements who squander the zeal, the skill and the experience of the men and women who comprise our industrial manpower.

Government Ministries, too, are among the snipers.

Jealous of their authority, determined to preserve their proud isolation, they battled hard to prevent the setting up of a unified control over war supplies.

After two years' campaigning by JOHN BULL and industrial experts, a commander-in-chief was appointed over their heads. But they will fight to the last ditch.

The new Ministry of Production is now ready for business. Its regional boards have held their preliminary meetings and are about to begin work.

It will be a tough job. That is plain from a recent report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, which criticised the wicked waste of labour in Royal Ordnance factories.

In one factory there is a surplus of 6,000 workers. Three thousand of them were formerly miners!

There is no need to comment on the folly of keeping coal-hewers idle while the men at present in the mines are urged to toil their hardest. The fact speaks for itself; it will be noted by a public already angered by the clowning of officialdom.

In another factory, a surplus of 7,000 workers is expected.

Yet only one-third of the Royal Ordnance factories engaged in engineering are working three shifts.

In seven of them, machine tools are not being fully used because of a "shortage of labour"! In another, more than half the floor space is standing idle!

NOW, the department responsible for this preposterous muddle is the Ministry of Supply. And it is from that Ministry that Mr. Lyttelton may expect the most trouble.

One of our greatest production experts has described it to JOHN BULL as "an overgrown body which should be ruthlessly pruned."

He adds, "It has a host of directors, each a law unto himself. It has something like 16 departments and sub-departments dealing with labour alone."

You can imagine the confusion that results—the delays, the passing of minutes from one department to another, the complications and confabulations!

You will not wonder why JOHN BULL has so often had to expose scandals in the ordnance factories, why the workers of Woolwich Arsenal are asking the Prime Minister himself to intervene, why engineering employers are swamped by official forms and badgered by official instructions that quite often are contradictory!

Yet the Ministry of Supply is but one of the departments concerned with supplies for the three Fighting Forces.

There is also the Ministry of Aircraft Production. And there is the supply department of the Admiralty.

All three will be represented on Mr. Lyttelton's regional boards. All three must be made to end the fantastic tug-of-war they have played so long.

Their claims on behalf of each of the three Fighting Forces, their jockeying for "priorities," must be subordinated to a master plan that will meet the needs of our Service commanders *as a whole*.

Nor is that all. Mr. Lyttelton is faced by the implacable stupidity, the stiff-necked obstinacy, of the isolationists in industry itself.

There are still managements that waste the nation's most precious asset—manpower.

There are still managements that, in defiance of the Government's policy, refuse to employ women.

In one shipyard, where 5,000 to 6,000 men are employed, there is not one woman. "We've never had women here, and we don't want 'em," the management declares.

Yet women have proved that they can be valuably employed even in the heaviest industries.

They are working as coal shovellers and blacksmiths' assistants. In one place they are lifting ingots weighing 42 pounds and putting them over

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

their shoulders—a physical feat of which any man might be proud.

A ship launched a few days ago was entirely painted by women. Red-leading is done by girls; so is "rivet-throwing."

Managements who refuse to employ them, therefore, must be convicted of prejudice—and in the nation's struggle for existence all private prejudices should be swept by the board.

There are other managements who see in the war a glorious opportunity for improving their factories.

"Our shop is almost at a standstill," a machine-tool fitter tells us. "Last week the managements admitted faulty organisation—so now it is sacking apprentices, women and trainees.

"But for months there has been an orgy of building. The boilers have been shifted to a new power-house. There are new rooms for the ambulance, A.R.P., fire-watchers and Home Guard.

"The progress offices have been moved. Now most of the machines are to be moved to the north shop and the fitters moved to the south shop—a job that will take a year."

THEN there are the labour-wasters, who cannot understand why workers object to "go and hide until something turns up."

There are time-wasters who blandly let machines stand idle for weeks but hurriedly start them up on fictitious jobs when a Government inspector is expected.

Powers exist to put such criminal managements out of business. Those powers are hardly ever invoked, so busy are the Supply Departments with their own sectarian squabbles and petty problems of procedure.

It is true that there are lazy workers as well as lazy managements.

But Mr. Bevin has not hesitated to prosecute the worst offenders. Whereas other Ministers have been strangely hesitant in dealing with that other minority which forces good workmen to idle.

Sometimes, but only sometimes, work is held up because a shipload of raw materials is lost in the Atlantic.

Then the management cannot be blamed if men play cards and women knit. In such cases the blame must be visited on local officials who are slow to transfer the workers to temporary jobs.

Throughout the whole field of production, the same delays, the same muddling, the same wastage are disturbingly apparent.

Even in the concentration of industry, planning has been slipshod and practice preposterous.

Every week, girl workers are being sent from Scotland to the south, where hostels have to be built for them, roads made, factories extended.

Yet in Scotland factories stand empty.

Their peace time industries have been stopped. They have not been given over to war industry.

With this result, as one industrial leader has said: "The drift of labour is affecting the output of munitions in Scotland and causing serious bottle-necks in supplies."

This, then, is the position now that the new Ministry of Production is about to go into action.

The fight to evolve order from chaos may be stern; it need not be protracted.

MR. LYTTELTON, unlike the Supply Ministers, is a member of the War Cabinet. So is his ally, the Minister of Labour.

If Mr Lyttelton and Mr Bevin join forces in the drive to eliminate the waste of manpower, none dare withstand them.

They are the big guns in the battle for higher production; they have the absolute authority to knock out the die-hards, the form-fillers the self-seekers.

Moreover, their determination to see that not a man or woman is employed on less than full time might well inspire them to a drastic comb-out of Whitehall and its satellite colonies in Blackpool, Bournemouth, St. Annes and other seaside resorts.

Bureaucracy itself must be made to surrender its hordes of idlers.

Far from creating more officials, the new Ministry of Production should telescope many sub-departments in the Supply Ministries.

By doing so, Mr. Lyttelton and his advisers would find that many of the bottle-necks in war manufacture would automatically disappear!

Thus, too, they would enable many employers to dispense with the extra clerks engaged on dealing with official forms.

They would be wise to give greater power to the panels of industrial experts, including trade union leaders, who travel to the spot when serious hitches occur.

At present they can only recommend a remedy, and recommendations are apt to get lost in the enormous files so beloved by officialdom.

Mr. Lyttelton, in short, will have to short-circuit officialdom. He will have to be tactful with industry, but ruthless when tact proves unavailing.

Above all, he will have to be quick.

It was he who warned the nation that the next few months will be critical to our cause. It is he who must ensure that not one machine stands idle for a single day during this period of strain and crisis.

Russia's resistance, the opening of a Western Front, the beating of the U-boats, will largely depend on the wise use of manpower in our factories.

When we are told that we are getting to the end of available manpower, it is doubly essential to end the waste of men and women.

Nor can we have a successful "Second Front" so long as this waste continues.

Every factory and every man and woman must be given a new responsibility. To do so, not only bureaucrats and managements, but the leaders of the Government must get on or get out!

OPEN LETTERS

NATIONAL CHAIRMAN, Peace Pledge Union

SIR,—Your organisation printed the sinister insinuation that the relief ship *Sturcborg*, torpedoed while carrying food to starving Greece on behalf of the Red Cross, might have been sunk by British airmen.

I will quote the statement :

"By a bomber was the phrase in the original report. . . . By evening the bomber had become Axis aircraft. . . . We shall do well to keep an open mind as to who sank the food-ship. . . . It is hard to believe that no British aircraft were in the vicinity of Cyprus."

But, out of ten of the crew who took to a raft, one managed to survive nineteen days' adrift—a Portuguese.

He confirms that two Italian bombers sank the ship—despite its plain markings—in one minute. He stammered out: "Italians must have seen we hospital ship, the swine."

I don't know what you think of the official responsible for that libel. But I know what the relatives of our fighting men—particularly our airmen—will think.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. H. BUTLER, M.P., President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—You've got many ideas that I like.

More than any man who has held your post before you, you believe that higher education should go to the boy or girl with the capacity for it, rather than the child of the man with the biggest money-bags.

But as you sit down to pore over your post-war plans, remember that it is no good providing a ladder to the University if poorer parents cannot pay fares to the bottom of the ladder.

In country districts the clever boy cannot always accept a scholarship because parents cannot always pay the 'bus fares to the higher-grade schools.

And such people are not helped by schools that insist on expensive "regulation" school uniforms, extra fees for sports and other incidentals, purchase of football and cricket kit.

It isn't enough to provide a higher education for every boy and girl who merits it. Let them have it without any feeling of belittlement.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEFS OF STAFF, Fighting Services

DEAR SIRS,—Isn't it about time you issued a distinguishing ribbon for fighting men whose active service in this war has been truly active?

Many men will soon have completed three years in uniform, in which time they have come face to face with the enemy times without number. But still we are unable to pick them out.

We look admiringly at the young lad who put up the "Commando" or "Air-borne" shoulder tab only last week—as indeed we should.

But what of the modest chap beside him who has fought "Jerry" in France and Crete, or ranged the sea-bed off Norway in a submarine, or been torpedoed in a tanker?

Last time, our troops had inverted stripes to indicate long service with the Colours, red chevrons to indicate they had left for the battlefield in 1914, a blue chevron for every year they spent in France, and a gold, vertical stripe for each wound.

Overdoing it, without doubt. But surely it is swinging over to the ridiculous to expect a man to fight for three years without any mark of distinction.

So give them their ribbon *now*—while they have a uniform on which to wear it with pride. Let it be common to all the Fighting Services, including those of all our Allies—a mark of gratitude from the Government of a country to which they rallied when we were left to fight alone.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

SIR,—One moment I hear that our reserves of man-power and women-power are running low; the next, I read the provincial newspapers.

There I find plenty of the "Maid Wanted: Two in Family: Five other Maids kept" small ads. that belong to a more expansive age.

If you want men and women, get round among the "county" people.

You'll still find healthy, buxom nursemaids looking after one child. Excuse: Mother does some quite unimportant Saturday afternoon job, preferably in tasteful uniform.

You'll find men of military age who were called gardeners before the war, but who now, by some magic, have blossomed into market gardeners, with consequent exemption. Farm labourers are called in to do odd jobs, when every ounce of their efforts should be devoted to farming.

The plain fact is that nine out of ten of the people who are being fussed and fawned on by servants should be made to look after themselves.

I was told by the superintendent of one of our biggest ordnance factories that he canvasses such homes, seeking domestic helpers he could turn into excellent munition makers.

But his usual reception is ice-cold. Why not end it?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, M.P., Minister of War

DEAR SIR,—Films are essential to the training of a modern army, as the War Office must know well.

That, indeed, is why it set up an Army Film Unit early in the war, to take the pictures that will teach the troops how to handle new weapons of war and master new battle movements.

But I hear complaints from highly placed officers as to the painful slowness of this organisation. It is due, I am told, to its tendency to unnecessary "artiness."

I will give you a well-authenticated instance as example.

It was called on to make a film which would show British troops the whole world over how to handle a particularly cumbersome and complicated article of war which I need not name.

The picture was "shot." Months of correspondence followed. The film people fought for more and more elaboration. The Army fought for more and more simplification.

A year elapsed before the picture was finished, by which time the particular article of war had been supplanted by another and a start had to be made all over again.

This film is now moving to completion at the same snail's pace, and there is now a danger that this particular appliance, too, will be out-of-date by when it is completed.

How silly it all is, particularly in the middle of so fast-moving a war in which everything is out-dated in an incredibly short space of time.

The Hollywood touches which cause the delays are absolutely unwanted. It would be quite enough to portray the Army's best instructors demonstrating and lecturing on the particular subject of the film.

But, no; observing the best canons of film-making is apparently more important than winning the war.

Do you know that the Germans make such films in a matter of weeks?

Anyhow, do ask the Army Film Unit to be less fastidious. The British craze for "finish" has done harm enough to our war effort as it is.—JOHN BULL.

These People Who Go on Burning Cash

ECONOMY comes hard to some people, easy to others. I read the other day in an American newspaper the story of a British woman who entered a fish shop.

She was wearing a shawl, and the fishmonger smiled in superior fashion when she asked the price of Scotch salmon.

"Too dear for you, mother," he said. "It's 12s. 6d. a pound" (before the price was controlled).

"Give me two pounds of middle cut," said the woman. "We're all working at home *and I've got £15 a week to spend on food.*

This story may, or may not, be true. But it is typical of certain people whether they live in a many-roomed mansion or in a modest semi-detached house.

They are the spenders, the men and women who must get through their money, the people who cannot save.

★ ★ ★

You'll find them to-day in the luxury restaurants of every big city and in the little streets of the town where machines day and night are turning out munitions of war.

We still hear of people who practised extravagant habits during the last war—the costly pianos in small parlours, fur-bedecked women wearing sheer silk stockings in grimy, industrial towns.

In some way these people cannot be blamed. They have a kink. Money burns holes in their pockets. The rich send the price of "austerity" meals soaring by buying costly wines and liqueurs.

The comparatively poor, whose family incomes have risen with the war, are still guilty in some instances of luxury spending. Expensive foods off the ration, nights out in the local pub, dearer clothes—all help to get rid of the extra income.

Fortunately these people are few. The magnificent response to the war savings appeal is proof of this. But the fact remains that there is still senseless extravagance in this country.

The State makes every effort to check that spending and largely succeeds in its aim.

Yet, just as all the laws directed at the black marketeers have failed wholly to stamp out their evil activities, so all the limitations on personal spending have failed to stop those determined to get rid of their money.

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This spending business is all a matter of conscience and of sanity. Every race, no matter what its perils or its courage in face of adversity, has its backsliders. And we, as a nation, are not immune, even in these days of crisis, from the "good time" men and women.

Only the drastic step of rationing wages and salaries would stop such senseless spending. That task, in itself, is one almost impossible to achieve. And it would lend itself to abuse, as other war-time legislation has been abused.

I have cited the woman in the shawl as an example. Don't, please, read into the story an attempt to malign the workers.

The woman had as much "right" to pay 12s. 6d. a pound for salmon as any Lady Richpurse.

Whether such a "right" should be permitted in these times of stringent economy is another matter.

And that leads to all sorts of arguments which I'll leave you to thrash out yourselves!

Never-Give-In Boys

TANK THRILLS: II

In every new battle the mounting fierceness in the clash of armour is more than equalled by the dogged bravery of men.

By MARK PRIESTLEY

THE Tank Corps can already cherish a thousand tales of adventure, but none are more stirring than the tales of defeat.

That sounds a paradox. "Trouble with this 'ere tank fighting," said Corporal Jim Barnwell, "is—how can you tell when you're beaten?"

His tank *Dorothy Jean*, for instance, wasn't beaten when a shell-burst knocked out two of the four in the crew. The armour-plate was scarce crumpled. The guns were still blazing.

She wasn't O.A. (out of action) when a second shell sliced through the tracks. Her two-pounder gun could still knock hell out of Hitler.

The Jerries gave her everything they knew and the blast from the shells knocked her sideways. Unable to man the guns satisfactorily, Jimmy Barnwell unslewed the Bessa machine-gun and, using the wrecked tank as a cover, knocked the toes off the oncoming enemy.

Snatched from Flame

A shell set *Dorothy Jean* ablaze. He dived into her vitals and dragged his buddies free of what was rapidly becoming an inferno.

Then some other tanks of his unit re-established the position. The "Rocs" took over his injured gunner and driver, and Jim Barnwell fought on—from another tank.

When are you beaten?

Sergeant Ivor Burgess would say he was practical rather than plucky. When Rommel's gnats are advancing beyond Sollum, and you've been ordered to move forward to oppose them, and your tank breaks a track through hitting a mine—mebbe the practical thing is to fix it!

The enemy guns were pasting the tank.

"Give 'em all you've got while I'm working!" Burgess told his own boys. Then, as if it had been a Bank Holiday on the Brighton Road, he clambered out and started repairs.

Then an enemy trench-mortar came into action at close range and began, as he said, "to worry him."

You don't get these tank chaps talking about "shot and shell and volleys of thunder." Burgess scarcely straightened his back when the first anti-tank stuff smothered the tank. He noticed with quiet satisfaction that his gunners had put paid to the mortar, but he went on with the job.

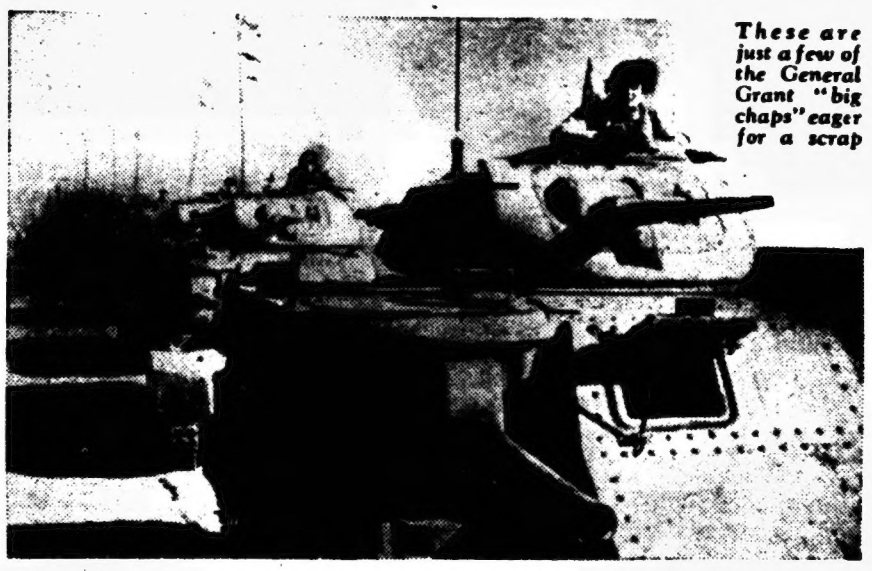
Cool as a Cop

By now, in the disarming words of the despatch that gained Burgess the Military Medal, "the fire became intense and both anti-tank and small arms fire repeatedly hit the tank, while artillery fire continued to fall."

"Two volunteers, please!" shouted the sergeant, above the crash of explosions. "All we need do now is lift the blankety track over the sprocket!"

Going to the front of the tank, cool as a traffic cop, he guided the driver in reverse along the track ready for the link-up.

Then the fan of an H.E. shell blew him flat on his back.



These are just a few of the General Grant "big chaps" eager for a scrap

From the high ground, Fritz had the best of it. The shell had hit the tank on the side and crushed the suspension. An anti-tank gun simultaneously found its mark on the turret.

"Oh, heck!" trumped Burgess, "it's beyond me!"

But when are you beaten?

Ordering his crew to make good their getaway, he began climbing into the tank to play his last card—and destroy it.

He knew he was clear in the sights of the enemy gunners. He heard the shell coming. It seemed to burst in his heart.

Coming out of the deafening daze, he found—with a feeling of surprise—that his left arm and shoulder were shattered. And the enemy was closing in.

A Coldstream Guardsman, under fire, dressed his wound and guided him back.

But when, indeed, are you beaten?

Burgess had a Blighty wound. His tank crew were soon in action again.

There's a Cardiff tank gunner, Trooper Dan Barnett, who after three hours of night action to great purpose felt the front of his face come off.

A direct hit had been scored on his fighting telescope.

The battle had to go on. His tank commander gave him a merciful shot of morphia and Barnett drowsed off to sleep.

"I'm all right"

An hour later he awoke.

"Say," he said, "what's going on?"

He could work out the position for himself. A tank with a silent gun is a one-armed fighter. "I'm all right," said Danny, against the hideous agony of his nerves, against all the protests of the others.

Once more he took up his position at the guns, ignoring the hot blood seeping down, and once more the tank charged into action.

For six hours he stuck to his guns, till the aluminium dawn whitened the sand and the battle was won.

"There's no such thing as being beaten," said Major Congrave, of the Hussars, when he'd had two tanks destroyed under him, mounted a third despite point-blank fire and helped to rescue his wounded second-in-command.

And Trooper Johnny Barlow played out the same moral in an odyssey of this war of machines when every enemy gun within range had got the bearing of Johnny and his gallant comrades.

Two alternatives resolved for the British tanks—and Johnny Barlow. To hold their ground—or else come to a stricken halt, packed with maimed and dying crews.

Over the radio came the order from the squadron tank: "Lester calling Lester Two—Lester Two advance to covered position of embankment. Direction 140 degrees. . . ."

At the controls, Johnny veered. In that instant something happened.

A shell seemed to explode deafeningly against the glass block in front of his eyes. The bullet-proof glass shattered and splintered.

Johnny felt stabbing pain, blood on his face. In the din of the battle he suddenly realised—he could not see!

He thought: I might be blinded for life Yet he knew that if he gave way to pain, sought relief in the dark curtain of faintness, his tank might be captured, the lives of the lads behind him forfeited.

Desperately wrenching himself out of his agony, as Danny Barnett had done, he drove on, unable to see, judging his position by the swerves of the tank as well as he could, listening quietly to an angry correction of course from the squadron tank.

Mustering in strength for an hour or two in the shield of the wadi, the tanks were able to drive forward again, routing the enemy.

This is the moment to remember the immortal grandeur of all such heroes, a rich legion of valour.

I shall tell of one more.

Open Bible

In the height of the Libyan storm, when the sandstorm raised by dozens of battle-locked tanks blotted the sun, two tanks collided.

The crew of one of the tanks clambered out. The captain of the other lay dead in the wreckage. And amid the debris his Bible lay open at II Timothy, Chapter iv, with the verse: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

When are you beaten?

"Write to John Bull about it"

ROMMEL'S MOST AWKWARD ENEMY

DURING the last stages of the tragic battle of France a young, tall, fair-haired French officer, Captain Leclerc, was seriously wounded by German shells. He reached a near-by hospital before he realised that it was already held by the Germans.

That would seem to have been the end of Captain Leclerc's part in this war.

It sounds like a miracle that to-day, more than two years later, Leclerc—now General Leclerc—is one of Rommel's most awkward, persistent, dangerous and, indeed, successful enemies.

Leclerc's adventures in the meantime are typical of the spirit of the real France, the fighting France.

In spite of his severe injuries, Leclerc decided that he would rather recover somewhere else than in a Nazi-occupied hospital. He got away and reached the big estate of some of his relatives. Imagine his feelings when he found that this estate, too, was in German hands!

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But Leclerc would not give up. Faithful friends provided him with civilian clothes. He stole a bicycle from a German soldier who had only just stolen it himself. Soon Leclerc was on his way to freedom

He landed in Britain, where hundreds of Free French officers welcomed him enthusiastically. They remembered that, in spite of his youth, he had been an excellent teacher at a leading French military Academy. They knew he had fought bravely against the Germans. He told them how eager he was to join De Gaulle and carry on the fight.

Soon we see Leclerc in command of a Free French unit in the heart of Africa. His knowledge of strategy, his talent for organisation, his fighting skill and undaunted bravery quickly win him promotion. As General Leclerc—though still under forty—he leads his troops into an historic battle.

His headquarters are in the Chad, the Free French Colony. His men helped General Cunningham during the conquest of Abyssinia. But time marches on and Rommel appears on the African scene. Leclerc is far away—more than 1,500 miles from the fighting in Libya. But he decides to take a hand in it.

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After long and careful preparation General Leclerc and his troops crossed the barren desert where hardly any other white man had set foot before.

During critical stages of the Libyan battles Rommel was always forced to detach vital units of his Africa Corps to guard the south-western approaches of Libya. He knew full well that General Leclerc was on his way to challenge him there.

The venture succeeded. Though water was scarce, though cattle which should have provided fresh meat during the long journey had soon to be slaughtered, though Leclerc and his men had to suffer great hardships, they reached Rommel's outposts and wiped them out.

Now, once more, Leclerc's forces are a thorn in the side of Rommel. Wherever he goes he cannot leave his southern flank unguarded. He must expect Leclerc to strike again any time.

And he knows that this heroic Fighting Frenchman likes to be in the thick of the battle himself. He realises that at one time Leclerc was not farther than 500 miles from his base at Tripoli.

And, no doubt, he fears that one day Leclerc and his Fighting French will really come and get it!

AUGUST 8, 1942

AMERICA'S MIGHTY PUNCH

Devastating punishment inflicted on Jap warships in the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway Island shows the tremendous power of American 'planes. This is one of the cruisers in flames

A. G. GARDINER

Facing the peril of these crisis days, focuses the meaning of America's partnership—not as a comforting substitute for the superhuman effort needed from us, but because he feels it is not adequately realised here.

THESE are dark days. Not since those of August, 1940, has the red light of danger been so urgent and imperious. Then the enemy aimed at a knockout blow that would end the war outright. It failed.

Now in the third summer of the war he has gathered all his might to do what he failed to do then.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. The peril is as immediate as it was two years ago.

The difference is this: Then victory would have left Hitler unchallenged master of the world. Failure only compelled him to change his plans.

Now his victory would not end the war. It would only prolong it, and leave the issue in doubt. Failure for him would mean defeat.

But, I repeat, the peril is stark and immediate. It can only be averted by action as swift and decisive as in August, 1940.

* * *

There are two main seats of danger. The one is the thrust at the Caucasus, the other is the Battle of the Atlantic.

The first aims at isolating Russia and penetrating to the Middle East. The object of the second is to cut our life-line and isolate us from the United States.

Both threats are being pressed home with the maximum of power. In spite of the heroic defence of the Russians, no one can be blind to the grave worsening of their position or to the ominous things it implies.

And the Atlantic sinkings in the last three months have reached a figure hardly less alarming than in those critical months in April, May, and June of 1917, when our fate hung by a thread.

THERE IS NO NEED TO STRESS THE MAGNITUDE OF THESE DANGERS. IF EITHER WERE ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL THE WHOLE ASPECT OF THE WAR WOULD BE CHANGED TO OUR IMMENSE DISADVANTAGE.

The isolation of Russia would be a disaster; the isolation of ourselves would be a calamity.

In these circumstances everything depends upon the speed of our action and the weight and precision of our strokes in the vital fields of the war. Fortunately in this great emergency, which calls for unity and strategy in the highest degree, Britain and America are in the most perfect accord.

I say Britain and America because the immediate weapons against the enemy are air power and sea power, and it is in those weapons that Britain and America are superior.

IF RUSSIA AND CHINA ARE TO BE HELPED IN THIS DARK HOUR, IT IS SEA AND AIR POWER THAT MUST BE THE CHIEF INSTRUMENTS.

And it is no less true that the issue of the Battle of the Atlantic which is so vital to us is as dependent on America as on ourselves.

For this reason the most reassuring fact in the immediate crisis as well as in the long view is the momentum with which America has swung into the battle line.

All the phantoms of isolationism, anti-Bolshevism and the rest have vanished before the wave of anger that has swept the country and has set in motion such prodigies of production as the world has never seen.

But for these prodigies the outlook in the Atlantic would be much darker for us than it is.

With warships and merchantmen rolling off the slips with the speed of magic the immediate peril to our life-line should be defeated. Not that it is enough that building should balance sinkings.

It is the conquest of the U-boat that can alone give final victory in the Battle of the Atlantic. And that conquest has yet to come.

The devastations on the American seaboard have revealed alarming defects in America's defensive armour in this phase of warfare.

She has something to learn from us in this matter and she is learning it fast.

* * *

The arrival in London of Mr. Lewis Douglas, the deputy shipping administrator of the United States, is a welcome symptom of that co-ordination of effort between the two countries which is essential for victory and never more urgent than now.

In this matter of collaboration we have already advanced far beyond anything achieved in the last war. The whole spirit of American policy under the inspired leadership of President Roosevelt is directed to obliterating all separatisms.

This is a war for the soul of the world, and wherever it rages American aid by air and sea is poured out with lavish disregard of anything except the common victory.

And the immense fruits of that aid already gathered are only inadequately realised by us.

I HAVE BEEN READING LATELY THE FULL DETAILS OF THE BATTLES OF THE CORAL SEA AND MIDWAY ISLAND. WE HAVE ENTIRELY FAILED IN OUR BROADCASTS AND OUR PRESS TO CONVEY THE FULL MEASURE AND MEANING OF THOSE THRILLING TRIUMPHS.

They are in their way as memorable as the Battle of Britain and even more significant.

For they proclaim with startling emphasis the decisive part which air supremacy henceforth plays in the realm of sea power.

And it is American 'planes which are helping to rescue Chiang Kai-shek from the desperate situation in which the closing of the Burma Road has left him.

It is American 'planes and American tanks which have helped us to stay Rommel's rush to the delta of the Nile.

It is American material, together with our own, which has been poured into Russia by the North Cape and the Persian Gulf.

It is American aid that has stabilised the front in Australia and that has strengthened our moral and material position in India against the machinations of the Gandhis and Nehrus, no less than against the menace of the Japs.

IT IS AMERICAN 'PLANES THAT ARE GOING TO HELP US TO DEVASTATE GERMANY.

Nor is this all. No one can move about in town or country in these days without being sensible of that new American army that has been silently assembling in our midst in readiness for that great adventure on the Continent to which we shall go forward together when the hour strikes.

* * *

There is another respect in which the wholehearted collaboration of America places us under the deepest debt of gratitude.

A series of speeches has been delivered by Mr. Wallace, the Vice-President, and others, culminating in that of Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, which are as important as great victories in the field.

They have dotted the "i's" and crossed the "t's" of the Atlantic Charter. They have proclaimed to the whole world with more detail and precision than ever before the programme of peace that will be tabled by the United Nations when the victory of the battlefield is won.

In these deliverances America has given the world the lead that it hungers for.

IF AMERICA STANDS INFLEXIBLY BY THAT GREAT PURPOSE (REMEMBERING AND PROFITING BY HER OWN TRAGIC FAILURE AFTER THE LAST WAR), THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT WITH PROMISE.

Let us swell that inspiration and thank God that, in Canning's famous words more than a century ago, "the New World has come in to redress the balance of the Old."

Meanwhile, the immediate menace is a command to both of us to strike our hardest by air, sea and land to help to keep Timoshenko's heroic army not merely intact but in organic union with its Allies.

If that is done, Hitler's terrific gamble with the iron dice will have failed. And the third failure may well be final.

And a Weak Spot in Hitler's Armour

BATTLE reports tell us plenty about the strong parts of Germany's war machine.

A new book, *The Last Train from Berlin*, by the American correspondent Howard K. Smith *(Cresset Press)*, confirms something we have not heard so much about—the weakest spot in the machine. It is Germany's railways.

The Nazis are now paying the ransom of years of neglect in the pre-war period when everything, including railway maintenance and renovation, was subordinated to frantic rearmament.

* * *

Hitler's experts didn't worry too much about it because they expected a war to last a maximum of twelve or eighteen months.

With the sudden extension, after two years, of vital communications and the volume of transport caused by Hitler's attack on Russia, the position began to deteriorate rapidly in the autumn of 1941.

Mr. Howard K. Smith, who left Germany on the eve of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbour, reveals that—

At the beginning of the campaign in Russia Germany had 11,000 locomotives (plus about 6,000 shunting engines).

Of these, 4,000 had to be taken to the Eastern Front, leaving 7,000 engines for all transport inside Germany.

In less than six months after the plunge into Russia, 4,000 locomotives had been either destroyed or so damaged that they had to be sent back to Germany for repair.

They had to be replaced from stocks in Germany, which means that only 3,000 of an original 11,000 locomotives are available for transport of all kinds inside Germany.

Eight months have gone since the American correspondent heard these figures in Berlin from a trustworthy expert.

In that time the winter campaign in Russia and the elaborate preparations for the present offensive must have made further serious inroads into Hitler's transport resources.

* * *

More recent figures are in the latest monthly bulletin of the German Socialists in Great Britain. Quoting figures admitted by the Nazi Under-Secretary of State for Transport, it is concluded that only one-third of the necessary engines are available.

Besides, shortage of raw materials and skilled manpower have cluttered up repair shops.

Here, then, is a big job for the R.A.F. to link up with their systematic attacks on U-boat nests. The destruction of locomotive factories and repair shops would pay big and quick dividends.

* * *

There are not so many to be demolished. They are at Borsig, in Tegel (an outer suburb in the north of Berlin); Henschel, in Kassel; Hanomag, in Hanover; Rheinmetall, in Dusseldorf; Maffei, in Munich; Maffei-Schwarzkopff, in Koenigswusterhausen (about ten miles from the centre of Berlin), and Silesian Loco-Factory, in Breslau.

Except for the last one, which seems rather far away, all the others are targets within the normal reach of our big bombers, especially as the days shorten.

There is one other—Kirchmoeser.

Probably even those who know Germany have never heard the name before. I hadn't until last week when an exiled German rail expert told me that in this one-time tiny village between Brandenburg and Genthin the biggest locomotive repairing factory in Germany had been built.

About twenty thousand men are employed there.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

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More recent figures are in the latest monthly bulletin of the German Socialists in Great Britain. Quoting figures admitted by the Nazi Under-Secretary of State for Transport, it is concluded that only one-third of the necessary engines are available.

Besides, shortage of raw materials and skilled manpower have cluttered up repair shops.

Here, then, is a big job for the R.A.F. to link up with their systematic attacks on U-boat nests. The destruction of locomotive factories and repair shops would pay big and quick dividends.

★ ★ ★

There are not so many to be demolished. They are at Borsig, in Tegel (an outer suburb in the north of Berlin); Henschel, in Kassel; Hanomag, in Hanover; Rheinmetall, in Dusseldorf; Maffei, in Munich; Maffei-Schwarzkopff, in Koenigswusterhausen (about ten miles from the centre of Berlin), and Silesian Loco-Factory, in Breslau.

Except for the last one, which seems rather far away, all the others are targets within the normal reach of our big bombers, especially as the days shorten.

There is one other—Kirchmoeser. Probably even those who know Germany have never heard the name before. I hadn't until last week when an exiled German rail expert told me that in this one-time tiny village between Brandenburg and Genthin the biggest locomotive repairing factory in Germany had been built.

About twenty thousand men are employed there.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW

★ Sappers—the Royal Engineers—end these stories of men who don't often figure in official communiques, but, in battle, the Engineers are generally first now, clearing a way through minefields

Sappers Show Me a Battle

By MAURICE FAGENCE

I STOOD beside a river in which lay the ruined foundations of a demolished bridge.

Said the Brigadier beside me: "There is a British Army behind you."

I knew there was. I had seen bridging material, tanks, troop carriers, transport, guns and infantry concealed in the back areas.

Continued the Brigadier: "You are a patrol. Before your army advances it is for you to say whether the enemy is in strength on the opposite bank of this river.

"If he is, he is going to let you bring the army up before he fires.

"Now what do you say? Is he there or isn't he? You've got to make a big decision."

I took his binoculars. There were well-rounded boulders on the opposite bank. I decided there was nobody there.

Deep in the field was a row of trees with meagre patches of undergrowth round them. I watched carefully. Obviously nothing there.

More distant was a copse. The glasses showed every leaf. There couldn't be anybody there.

I suspected one thing—a dead and leafless tree that lay on its side.

"If there is nobody hidden behind that tree," I said, "the enemy has gone. It would then be safe to bring up our bridging material and start getting our army across the river."

An Awful Mistake

"There's nobody near that tree," said the Brigadier. "Now what is your decision?"

"The enemy has gone."

The Brigadier turned to a flag-bearer. "I am not bringing our troops out of concealment yet, because this gentleman has made an awful mistake," he said.

"There are actually a dozen of the enemy near enough to hit him with hand-grenades. There are two-inch mortars galore pointing dead at him. He is covered by machine guns from scores of points. Snipers have him in their sights. He is actually looking down the barrels of guns.

"Just wave that flag and let him see what a bad turn he might have done the British Army."

He did—and hell broke loose.

Guns and machine-guns spat at me from nowhere.

Human arms which I couldn't see slung hissing fireworks—they were meant to be bombs—to within a foot of me.

We had to leap about like cats to dodge flaming mortar-shells—fortunately, of a pretty harmless type—that came fizzing towards us.

Little Limelight

"See what you've done?" said the Brigadier, dodging one.

And now let me put this story in some sort of sequence.

I had been invited to write about the Royal Engineers as I have written about other Corps that are doing great work and getting little limelight.

And the Royal Engineers had said: "Let him see a battle. An army can't fight without the R.E. One man in twelve in the modern army has to be a sapper."

Brawn counts as well as skill in this grand Corps

And that was what brought me to that river bank.

Well, I have told you how I endangered an Army.

Let me describe what that Army was doing meantime.

It was moving to a part of the river where the enemy was *not* in strength.

Royal Engineers went ahead testing for minefields.

When they found one they crawled on their stomachs sweeping devices like a woman's hand-mirror ahead of them. They wore ear-phones which told them when the "mirrors" passed over a mine. And real mines were used!

I listened-in, and heard a dull "burring" noise rise to a scream when a mine was encountered.

They pick out the mine carefully, lay it on one side, and move on through the field. Royal Engineers are doing it pretty well every day against Rommel.

And laying our own mine-fields at the rate of one mine per man every four minutes.

Huge Explosion

At last I saw a gap cleared in the field.

A wire linked 22 exposed mines together, and they were blown sky-high in one huge explosion.

Then—on came the Army.

There were no roads to the point at which they were going to cross the river.

So Royal Engineers, moving ahead, laid four different kinds of temporary roadway at "soft spots"—some as easily as you would roll out linoleum.

And now the river was reached.

It was necessary to create a bridge-head on the other side before sappers could begin to erect a bridge.

That meant an assault crossing—and it was staggering what an important part the Royal Engineers have to play in such an attack.

Our infantry leapt into assault boats, many of which they paddled across themselves.

But those boats which, later, had to go backward and forward in a ferry service, had outboard motors dropped into them by Royal Engineers, who manned them from then on.

Seeing anti-tank gunners come across in folding boats, I wondered: "Yes, but what about their guns?"

The sappers attended to that. They rigged up floats for the guns.

Some floats looked like monster cushions. Others were built on assault boats.

But the best thrill of all was when tiny tankiettes for troop-carrying came across, held up by Kapok cushions strapped to them, and driven through water by their own runners as a paddle-steamer is propelled by its paddles.

Rafts, built by Engineers in quiet parts of the river, came bustling down-stream under their own power to bring across the heavy transport.

And soon, when this newly landed army was fighting its way forward, came the bridging engineers.

I am not going to help Hitler by telling you much about the Bailey Bridge.

The Germans have nothing like it. The last bridges they were known to use were old-fashioned compared with it.

The Bailey can be erected and pushed across wide rivers by Royal Engineers who rarely have to expose themselves as big targets—which is the case with older bridges.

But what would surprise you most is the time of erection—which would stagger Adolf—the weight they will carry, and how wide a river they can cross without the help of mid-stream supports.

Strong Bridges

Fifty good points are wanted in a military bridge, and in the Bailey—for the first time in military history—is a bridge that pretty well has the lot.

I can only say that few things have astonished me more in this war than seeing our biggest tanks thundering across a wide river full pelt *blank* minutes after the first sapper reached the river bank.

Meanwhile, all over the battlefield Royal Engineers were busy.

Some, using giant bulldozers, pushed in the sides of enemy tank traps and built solid roads across in a matter of a few minutes.

Others extricated our heaviest lorries from pits with vertical sides—using nothing but the power of the lorries' engines running slowly.

A motorist might think it impossible.

You replace the back hub-caps with drums, wind ropes round the drums, and peg the other ends of the ropes outside the pit.

The lorry winds itself up the ropes and out of the pits without using its driving wheels at all!

Our Royal Engineers, who invented this gadget themselves, are men of infinite resource.

Ingenuity and Courage

The same can be said of sappers everywhere. That word "Engineers" can be deceiving. They are fighters all the time, and already have two bayonet charges to their credit in *this* war.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

THE SHARE LURERS ARE BACK AGAIN

UNREGISTERED share dealers, who operate outside the jurisdiction of genuine Stock Exchange circles in London and the provinces, are getting busy again.

The present is no time for dealing in unquoted shares of a speculative character, or in propositions which are nothing more than sheer "gambles."

So, watch any literature from unknown firms which may arrive by post one morning to give you "inside advice" about some excellent investment scheme concerning which they have exclusive information!

For some time I have been very interested in the outpourings of a concern called J. Verity and Co., Limited of Charles II Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. It is comparatively new and specialises in giving what it calls "Free Advice on Investments."

At one time these people issued a sheet prepared in the manner of a financial journal called "The Market Reporter," but "owing to the severe restrictions placed on the use of paper," have lately had to discontinue its regular issue.

They now communicate direct with clients when any "exclusive information" comes their way.

In letters widely circulated, Verity and Co. says they are continually searching for companies whose shares have reasonable prospects of large capital appreciation, on which no tax is payable, and believes it has found one at last.

It extols the merits of a company called the Rutt Power Units, Ltd., recently formed to market an invention so revolutionary in character that it is claimed to drive a car without oil, petrol, coal or other form of fuel.

The creator, Alfred Rutt, of Staines, Middlesex, has apparently defied all the better-known and elementary mechanical laws, and his invention has baffled experts and is destined to become the mechanical marvel of the age.

Why the Government, particularly in war time, hasn't bought it up, if all that is claimed for it is true, is a problem not touched upon by Verity and Co.

Not that they themselves were too keen on it in the beginning. They were definitely sceptical at first, they say. But, having been unable to find any responsible person to refute the inventor's claims, they have decided to give it its obvious place in the world's transport market.

Cheques, please

Rutt Power Units, Ltd., is only a £10,000 company, they add, but if all goes well other subsidiary concerns are to be formed later. "We have been successful in securing an option on a block of shares, and, not being able to take up the whole of these, the remainder are available for our clients."

For the convenience of those who want to send in applications by return, special printed application forms are attached for completion. Cheques must be made out to "J. Verity and Co., Ltd."

Judging by the way their circulars are worded, one would imagine that the Verity concern has done something clever in "securing an option" on these shares.

Actually, Verity and Co. were touting for money months before the company was even formed, and they themselves planned its formation!

Nowhere in their present literature do they mention the people who, foolish enough to invest money in the invention before this newly boosted company came into being, want their money back.

Two of the earliest investors tell me that they were led to anticipate results long ago and are fed up with the whole business.

They both regard their money as lost, and on several occasions have tried to obtain information without result.

That the inventor has great faith in his invention I have no doubt, but, with its market potentialities at present so obscure, it needs something far more tangible than optimism to back it up.

In my opinion this is one of the wildest gambles I have ever come across.

Offers made by other financiers include shares in oil "royalty paying" companies in places as far away as Texas, and in investments which, if not sheer gambles, are obviously highly speculative to say the least.

Only safeguard

There is only one safe way to invest to-day—through an accredited member of the recognised London or provincial Stock Exchanges, or a bank.

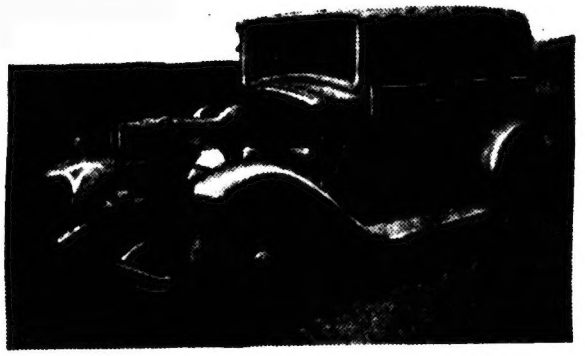
Why are not share dealers outside Stock Exchange circles compelled to have a licence before trading?

An Act of Parliament passed in 1939 stipulated that they were all to be licensed in future, and the Board of Trade originally laid it down that every application for such a licence was to be lodged by the end of September, 1939.

Every six months since then the Board has postponed the date, and the postponement still goes on.

A great deal of speculative share-selling could be avoided altogether if this licensing scheme of 1939 had not been shelved.

Why not put it into force now?



It is claimed that cars fitted with Mr. Rutt's device do not require any kind of fuel!

OH, MR. SCRUTTON!

IF war time taxation, National Savings schemes, or the rising cost of living have left you embarrassed, there is no need to lose a single night's sleep. An enterprising individual named Robert J. Scrutton has a ready remedy.

From his headquarters at Endsleigh Place, London, W.C.1, he controls a variety of queer undertakings, such as the Christian Petition Movement, the People's Supplementary Parliament, and the People's Common Law Parliament.

Scrutton confides that he is a bit of an inventor. He claims to have devised "an entirely new method of flying."

When not engaged in inventing he seems to interest himself in the welfare of people alleged to be wrongfully sentenced for murder or cast into "a concentration camp in Canada."

And for his People's Supplementary Parliament he boasts that he has secured the support of 31 Bishops and 2,500 clergymen.

So many multifarious pursuits have, in the words of one of his circulars, "severely depleted our funds."

He offers the bright suggestion, therefore, that supporters and friends should "make a voluntary levy upon themselves of 6d. or 1s." for his Headquarters Fund.

But I hope all my readers will find a better use for their spare cash.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. C. Willes, Wanstead Park Road, Ilford Common, Essex, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are welcomed about any matter needing inquiry or comment, and envelopes should be marked "Public Benefactor."

BRIGHT BOY ORDERED TO MENTAL HOME

WHEN Mrs. Arnold, of Hitchin, Herts, recently took her thirteen-year-old adopted son John to a local hospital, she mentioned casually to a woman welfare worker that he was a little backward with his lessons.

It was suggested that the boy should go to a local clinic for a psychological test.

★ ★ ★

The test took place the day before John was to go to Devon for a holiday, and, naturally, he was a little excited.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he failed.

To the utter surprise of Mrs. Arnold and her husband, the lad was taken to a local doctor, who, the parents say, saw him in private for only a few minutes. Then came the big shock. The doctor informed them he was recommending the boy for entry to Kingsmead School for mentally deficient children at Hertford!

I can quite understand the anger and bewilderment of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, because a JOHN BULL representative who saw the boy tells me that he found him exceptionally bright and intelligent. His backwardness at lessons is understandable because his schooling has been interrupted by bad health, but at no time, the parents say, has there been any complaint about his conduct at school or his mentality.

In fact, the only written word they have had about the whole astonishing procedure is a note from the boy's headmaster, after he had been seen by the doctor, notifying them that he had been classed as mentally deficient and would be sent to Kingsmead School.

Nothing at all in writing from the local authorities who have taken this high-handed action.

It is the kind of thing which was happening all too often before the war and about which JOHN BULL was constantly protesting.

★ ★ ★

The authorities need not imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Arnold are going to take their action lying down.

They are determined to contest it by every means in their power.

SWAFFER ASKS...

ARE OUR MORALS SO BAD?

● "We are on the verge of a collapse of morals in this country," said Dr. Chavasse, Bishop of Rochester.

How does he know?

"Young men are prepared to die for their country," says an official Church of England pamphlet advocating religion in the schools, "but there is nothing to distinguish them from Nazis."

What insolent and insulting nonsense!

Continually, bishops and parsons insist we are fighting for Christianity—and, in the next breath they tell us how very wicked are the people who are fighting for it!

Yet they forget that all the clergy and ministers are exempt from service.

How dare they traduce the masses of the British people.

The fault, rather, is in orthodoxy and its professional champions, who, from the pulpits, denounce the congregations whom they have driven out of or allowed to slip away from the churches.

It is time they learned sense!

IS SUNDAY DANCING WRONG?

● Because dancing is now planned for the local parks on Sunday evenings, the Free Church Council of Jarrow and Hebburn have called it "a serious lowering of the town's spiritual standards."

Again, what nonsense!

Sunday was instituted, in the early days of Christianity, as a holiday in celebration of the Resurrection. It was meant as a day of happiness.

The Sabbath, on the other hand, was the Jewish day of rest, instituted so that, during their forty years of pilgrimage across the desert, men, women and animals could requite themselves, and by observing the same day, all keep together and not be cut off by surrounding and hostile tribes.

"The Sabbath was meant for man," said Jesus (knowing this was no longer necessary when the Jews were settled in towns), "and not man for the Sabbath."

In their ignorance, though, many Christian leaders still observe the Mosaic and not the Christian ordinance.

SHOULD WAR REPORTERS FIGHT?

● They go, now, on Commando Raids. They will accompany those who will invade Europe.

Already they have shared the risks and perils.

Why, then, not arm them?

The theory is that, unarmed, they will be treated as non-combatants if captured, but that, if armed, they would be shot.

That, in this war, is ridiculous.

WHAT PRICE FOR HITLER?

● Gloucestershire reader suggests that a price should be put on the heads of all the Nazi leaders and the enslaved countries flooded with pamphlets and broadcasts giving the news.

I doubt if it would serve the purposes of victory by one iota.

Enemies of Hitler don't want to be paid for shooting him.

"Reckon," said Joe Stubbs, "it's night when things happen."

"JOHN BULL" SHORT STORY
By WILL SCOTT

LOOKED LIKE FICTION

SUSPICIOUS? Well, you'd have been suspicious yourself.

The new people were so obviously well-off. Or at least they were comfortably-off. Nobody could have rented the Green Cottage without a well-lined bank book.

Cottage is a modest enough name, but the Green Cottage had everything. Outside lawns and terraces, and a garage for four or five cars; inside electric this and electric that, with every labour-saving device you could think of.

Brushes which ran themselves across the carpet, gadgets which washed the dishes and wiped them and even stacked them up and put them aside. Everything . . .

Mind, this was in 1940, when you could spend a pound or two and see something for it.

The story was that they were evacuees, come out from London. The other story was that they were newly married, for all that they were middle-aged. Trust the country for getting all the stories in the first five minutes or so.

They settled in, bringing quite a lot of their own things, including a big radiogram (self-operating), and seemed to settle down to a reasonably good time, considering there was a war on. The radiogram used to be going until midnight.

After they had been there for a week or so the few neighbours began to talk, as a few neighbours always will.

Well-off and not even a maid. If they'd been poor, yes. But they weren't. Diamond rings and cigars. But not even one maid. Not even a daily woman.

The few neighbours *did* talk.

It looked like, they said, as if nobody was meant to get a nose inside the Green Cottage while the Grigsons were there.

And woman neighbour talked to woman neighbour at garden gate, and man neighbour talked to man neighbour in public bar. And they put two and two together and made at least four of it.

YOU could understand 'em not having a chauffeur, said the few neighbours, because Mrs. Grigson liked to drive herself. You could understand 'em not having a gardener, because Mr. Grigson liked to do his own pottering about with spade and fork, as you could see any day.

But not a maid, not even a daily woman, and them as well off as they were!

"It looks like," said the few neighbours, "as if they was *hiding* something . . ."

And then old Jasper, up at Top Farm, he put two and two together on his own and managed to get about eight or nine.

"Reckon, this bein' war time, an' them comin' from nowhere, sudden like, reckon as 'ow, mebbe, 'cos yer can't tell, not with no one, times like these, pleasant to your face though they be, admitted, mebbe wot about, well spies?"

"Reckon," said Joe Stubbs, "we orter see wot's inside Green Cottage."

"Wot about police?" said somebody else.

"But if there's nothin'? No, reckon we orter see first."

And one day, when the Grigsons had set off in their car, there was a united attempt on the part of the few neighbours to find out the secret which they were sure the Green Cottage held. They crept in through the gate and tried the doors and peeped through the windows.

BUT the doors were locked and the windows were curtained, and they got nothing at all for their pains.

"Reckon," said Joe Stubbs, "it's night when things happen."

And he and old Jasper sat up one night till dawn and watched and saw nothing, and listened and heard nothing, and got two colds between them into the bargain

Never once did they hear a secret radio tapping behind the locked doors of the Green Cottage. Never once did they see a strange blue light flash.

"They're pretty fly," said Joe Stubbs, next morning. "Reckon we won't never find out what they're up to."

"The only way," said old Jasper, "is to get in."

Yes, they all agreed to that. Get in; that was the wheeze. But how did you get in.

"We can't bust our way in, and if they don't ask us in . . ."

"A maid could get in—or a daily woman."

"But they don't want a maid or a daily woman. You can see."

"If one was recommended to 'em . . ."

"But if they'd wanted one they'd have had one by now."

"But if somebody was to tell 'em about somebody's wife's sister who was pretty well starvin' and had to have the job—well, it would be interestin', like, to hear wot they said to that. With the money they've got they could hardly very well say no, like, what?"

Might be worth trying. They shook their heads a lot, and then nodded their heads a lot and managed to look doubtful each way. Might be worth trying.

"There's young Mary," they said to Mrs. Joe Stubbs. "She'd be glad of a job. Now if you was to put a word in for her . . ."

"All right," said Mrs. Joe. "I'll go across to Green Cottage now, and if talkin' will get her the job, the job's Mary's. And once we get Mary inside that house . . ."

So over to the Green Cottage went Mrs. Joe. And in! To everybody's surprise, actually in!

And when, half an hour later, Mrs. Joe had not come out of the Green Cottage, the rest of them tip-toed across the lane and made their way up behind the hedge and got close enough to an open window to be able to listen. And heard:

"Yes, I'm really sorry about this girl Mary," said Mrs. Grigson. "Don't like to hear of anybody being down on his luck. Here's a five-pound note. If you'll give it to Mary, with our compliments, it might help until things take a turn."

"Very kind of you," said Mrs. Joe.

"Glad to be able to do it," said Mrs. Grigson. And after a moment's silence: "But as for having a maid here, or a daily woman, no."

"I only thought——" said Mrs. Joe.

"No, definitely no. You see," said Mrs. Grigson, "although we're both middle aged, I've only just got married to Mr. Grigson. I'm well turned forty, but I've had to work hard all my life. *Hard.*"

"AH! Then wouldn't a daily woman——"

"No!" said Mrs. Grigson. "All my working life I've wanted things to be easier.

"All the years I've slaved I've dreamed of labour-saving devices and things like that——a home where I could press a button and have little gadgets wash up and sweep and dust and do things for you

"Well, now I've married Mr. Grigson and got them, it's *my labour* I want them to save."

"Oh!"

"Work all my life and then see all these gadgets make it easier for some other woman? No, thank you! Come and have a look over the house and see me press all these buttons. I could play with them for hours."

CAT COMES OUT OF THE BAG

WHEN, over a year ago, Rudolf Hess landed on us, it was the big mystery of the war. We all wondered what it meant. We all waited to be told.

All kinds of people guessed, but nobody *said*.

The Prime Minister said that when it was in the public interest for the public to know he would tell the public.

The Hess affair became the Great Silence. No careless talk there. Keep Mum!

★ ★ ★

Until, of course, you and I forgot all about Hess.

We might never have thought of him again but for Mr. J. W. Cherry, who must be "official" because he is "of the Ministry of Information."

Mr. J. W. Cherry, quite modestly and without a lot of noise, went down to the small town of Gillingham in Kent the other week and gave a lecture on "Current Events" to the Gillingham Women's Citizens' Association. In the course of which he Told All.

Hess, said Mr. Cherry, brought Hitler's peace terms to Britain. Hitler, said Mr. Cherry, was prepared to settle with Britain, with whom he had no real quarrel, and in the event of an agreement being reached he would withdraw from the occupied countries of Europe.

And would then denounce the non-aggression pact with Russia and . . . And so on.

As a result of which Mr. Churchill passed on the tip that he had received straight from the horse's mouth, and Russia had six invaluable weeks in which to get ready. . . . And so on.

Yes. I don't doubt it. It seems, at any rate, a more likely explanation of the Hess affair than some of the fairy tales that were told at the time.

But it's the way in which the cat is let out of the bag that tickles me.

Mr. J. W. Cherry, of the Ministry of Information, goes down to Gillingham and says a few words to the Gillingham Women's Citizens' Association!

And that's how history is recorded!

I suppose that somebody from the Ministry of Food, or the Controller of Rope and Rags Department, will presently be going up to Thurso or Oban or somewhere, to give a lecture to the Longshoremen's League on shrimps or shoe-polish or something, in the course of which he will suddenly say:

"By the way, chaps, those Russians who passed through England with snow on their shoes in the last war. You can take it from me as an absolute fact——"

★ ★ ★

And perhaps in 1950 or 1960 some official from the Department of Horse Fodder and Straw Hat Price Restriction, speaking in Bury St. Edmunds or Oswestry, will really take his audience into his confidence.

"The war? Well, now you can be told. This is official. The war's over. It's been over for years. I have the authority of the Government for telling you this. . . ."

It is frank outspokenness such as this that gives us hope of knowing, one of these centuries, what Gladstone *did* say in '33.

A. G.

A WORD TO YOUTH

HUMAN MACHINE

There must be many thousands of young people to-day who are planning what they are going to do when the war is over. They are going to achieve Success—that goes without saying! Well, here is some sound advice, to help them on their way.

A great industrialist once said: "More men are beaten than fail. It is not wisdom they need, nor money, nor brilliance, nor 'pull'; all they need is just plain gristle and bone. This rude, primitive power which we call 'stick-to-it-iveness' is the uncrowned king of the world of endeavour.

"People are utterly wrong in their slant upon things. They see the successes that men have made, and somehow they appear to be easy. But that is a world away from the facts. *It is failure that is easy. Success is always hard.*

***"A man can fail in ease; he can succeed only by paying out all that he has and is.* It is this which makes success such a pitiable thing if it be in lines that are not useful and uplifting."**

That's worth remembering, so is the fact that every effort, every problem, every task is attended by natural difficulties. How many people threw up their hands when they encounter these!

★ ★ ★

How many are beaten before they've even given themselves a chance to fail, just because they are frightened of the possibilities in front of them! How many people run away—not from the task they face—but from themselves!

Stand up and step out—that's your motto; and the difficulties will melt before your resolute advance.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

COMMONPLACE as the most thrilling of sky scraps have become, the story of any one of them inspires a new admiration for the superb courage of our young men.

And they are so modest about it all, like Horace Twydell (with the R.A.F. in Libya) in this letter to his brother at Lincoln Road, Forest Gate, London:

With fighter escort we were out to bomb some "Jerry" stuff on a road, and had almost reached our target when about twenty M.E.s swooped out of a cloud.

One of them hit our rudder and port engine. We were in a bit of a mess, but managed to get into the cloud.

When we came out again, another M.E. pumped shells into our starboard wing. At this point my gun jammed and I was covered with oil from a burst pipe.

Somehow we got into cloud again, but soon began to lose height. Ben (my pilot) then decided to crash land. No easy job, for the country is mountainous and rocky.

I got out of the hatch and prepared to jump. Then suddenly I felt myself thrown forward. . . . I was jammed in the hatch with a great weight pressing on my chest.

I WAS A SIGHT!

Next thing I remember was Nick asking if I was O.K. I was thinking out the right answer when Nick and Ben started laughing, and I realised that I was a sorry sight, covered from head to foot in oil, dirt and dust.

. . . Behind the remains of our tail was the path our "kite" had made when landing through rock, shrubs and small trees. We turned to find there was a sheer drop to death. . . . We had landed on the side of a mountain!

Suddenly—from nowhere it seemed—there appeared an Arab, who, on being convinced that we were British, seemed quite bucked to see us and promptly called the rest of his tribe by a warbling whistle.

They brought us water, rice cooked in olive oil, and coffee.

My shoulder had been aching, but I hadn't had much time to think about it. I had stopped a small piece of shrapnel.

Later we discovered that we were about seventy-five miles inside enemy territory, which was not so good.

Happily the majority of the natives were friendly, and helped us in our travels from village to village. . . . After many weary days we arrived at ——, where we were given a warm welcome, to say nothing of bully beef and, best of all, a good cup of tea.

TAKING THE BISCUIT

From excitement in the East to cookhouse days with the Reconnaissance Corps in this country.

Corpl. S. Harper, an old soldier who, after service in India, went through the Dunkirk evacuation, seems to find them exciting, and writes to his mother at Lady's Bridge, Oswestry, Salop:

Some of these men have been in the Army about six weeks and they can eat like cannibals, tackling a very tender missionary.

I have to laugh at the way they gallop to their meals as if the Devil was behind them.

Well, I have had some funny jobs in my time, but feeding these hungry lions takes the biscuit.

SOUVENIR HUNTING

Souvenir hunting is still the joy of our lads when they're out of the line—just as it was in the last war.

You can feel the thrill in Trooper F. W. Simpkins' (M.E.F.) letter to his wife at Cranbrook Road, Handsworth, Birmingham:

I'm halfway through my leave and feeling good. I have sent off several parcels: one to you containing a bracelet with your name engraved on it, and also a small ring for Graham. He may not like it so much as a toy, but I couldn't find anything else that would do for a small boy.

To Edith I have sent a handbag, and two table-covers to Mother. I expect it will be three months before they reach you. . . . Hope you like them.

. . . It was very beautiful, and as usual when I see lovely things I stopped to think and wished you were with me to appreciate the beauty of it all.

GRAND WOMEN

Here's a fine tribute to women serving abroad by Gunner W. J. Dunton in a letter to his mother at Morland Gardens, Carr Hill, Gateshead. His ship called at a port on the Gold Coast:

We went straight into the canteen at —— for the first decent meal we had had for a month. Chicken pie, salad, peaches and cream, then some ice-cream, and later some tea almost as Mother makes—it was a meal.

The canteen is run by the W.V.S., and these British women do anything they possibly can to make us feel at home when we come ashore. It is fine work they are doing and it is much appreciated.

QUAINT LESSONS

Now to Ceylon, where Private Chappell has arrived after adventures in Crete, Syria and elsewhere. He writes to his brother at St. John's Road, Newbold Moor, Chesterfield:

This climate is the nearest approach to that at home that I have so far encountered. Funnily enough, the natives speak English better than we do, so we are taking lessons!

There are plenty of coconut trees here, and it seems O.K. to shake them down from the trees instead of having to knock them down at a fair.

The gardens here are lovely . . . blue orchids and beautiful birds, among them were budgies and parrots.

Climbing the hills we saw a whole family of monkeys chattering like mad at us, but as we couldn't understand their language no harm was done.

GOOD SHOOTING

R. Giltrow, on a few days' leave in Kenya, tells his parents at Northcroft Road, West Ealing, London:

We hope to do a bit of hunting! If I do hit anything I will send you a cable. Don't know who will be more surprised when I get going, the animal or myself. I have already instructed my pal that if he sees two things running out of the bush to let the first go without shooting, as it is bound to be me!

By the way, I have been made an honorary member of the —— Club. The beer is good, and it's very handy to drop in on a Saturday night for a game of darts and a pint.

TOC H HOSPITALITY

Hospitality at clubs and canteens does play a great part in making life bearable for men thousands of miles away from home.

L./Cpl. R Shearman, serving with the R.A.O.C. in the Middle East, writing to his brother, pays a tribute to Toc H:

The recently opened Toc H Club is the best Services club I have seen up to date. There is a spacious restaurant with nicely furnished reading and writing rooms.

I had lunch, which included steak, eggs, chips, green peas, tomatoes and onions at a price which must mean a dead loss.

One of the things I like about Toc H clubs is that the walls are not plastered with religious texts warning you that you are heading for a helluva sticky end if you don't see the Light and be saved while there is yet time.

DESERT BANQUET

Writing to his parents at Blackhouse Hill, Hythe, Kent, Rifleman Albert Birchett, serving out East, describes a banquet in the desert:

We had a slap-up meal. Roast, potatoes, green peas, sliced peaches with tinned milk, topped off with a nice cup of tea.

This was cooked in the desert, and our oven was made out of a petrol tin. Bill is now trying his hand at a plain cake, and we are hoping for the best. If Bill falls down on the job, we'll use the cake for ammunition.

LOVE IN A CRYSTAL

From food to love. Corpl. Noel Jones, recently arrived in India, writes to his parents at Carno, Mont., about a soothsayer—and Olive:

The old boy fiddled about with a crystal, and he must have been good because he said I was carrying a photo of a girl whose name began with an "O."

He described her to a "T"; dark, stout and lovely . . it was Olive all right.

Old Wisdom seemed to think that my luck was well in, and I hope he's right. He said I will be sailing for home in the last quarter of 1942. Perhaps he was kidding.

Anyway, he kept me busy counting out my change, but it was worth it—I hope!

HERE'S A GROUSE

Troops serving in Malta have had a tough time, and they are entitled to a grouse. So here is one from Gunner E. Craven, R.A., in a letter to his brother and sister at Ashford Street, Beswick, Manchester:

Talk about profiteering; blimey, you have seen nothing like it. In some of the tobacco shops out here they have the cheek to ask 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. for a packet of ten Woodbines—I ask you!

Think I'll write to Winston about it.

HUMOUR

Aboard ship on his way out to India, A.C. Bob Holland, R.A.F., wisecracks to his wife living at Back, Scholes, Wigan:

Hope this finds you and my son "in the pink," as I am in the brown for a change. If handsome men are slightly sunburnt, then I must be Robert Taylor or Owen Nares.

We have had rain, but it gets hotter and hotter. Plenty of chocolate on board, but not so much beer, and what there is seems to have very little "kick."

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Why should a totaliser ticket, which you keep for a few minutes, be a score or so times bigger than a railway ticket? —A. R., Leicester.

* * *

Marshal Soult, defeated at Albuera in the Peninsular War, said the British were lions led by asses.—L. J. Dickinson, Hamilton Road, Taunton.

* * *

Authorities should visit places where gipsies have been engaged for pea-picking and note the number of strong-looking young men who have apparently escaped the call-up.—R. F. Waddon, North Petherton, near Bridgwater.

* * *

Who remembers that most prophetic "Bullet" of pre-war days:—Next War: Following Towns Missing. — Miss E. Haynes, Eversholt Street, Euston, N.W.

* * *

Little use saving fuel when the Isle of Man boats are burning precious coal and oil carrying crowds of holiday-makers, who have been asked not to travel, sixty-five miles across the sea for pleasure purposes.—R. W. Lock, Cirencester.

DANGER WHEN GIRLS

TWO dangers confront the girl who has been jilted. She may become extremely bitter and say that all men are false and fickle; on the other hand, she may rush into marriage with undue haste.

A young woman of twenty sent me her problem recently. Her *fiancé*, whom she had known over four years, broke off the engagement for a girl he had known only three weeks. Shortly afterwards she met another man at a dance, and they were married within six months.

She may become bitter

"Now here is my problem," *she writes.* "I know he's had dozens of girls before me, but whenever we go out anywhere, if a good-looking girl comes along he gazes at her as though he is in a trance!

"If we are in the pictures and another girl tries to 'get off' with him he keeps on turning round and looking at her. I tackled him about it in a laughing manner. He said he could always admire beauty. I know it sounds stupid, Humanist, but when he starts to admire other girls or to talk about them I feel I want to run away or tell him I hate him.

"My first boy never took any notice of other girls when he was with me. But this is the one thing which is spoiling things. I am so happy otherwise and I love looking after him. He is such a dear. I do hope you can help me with my problem."

It must be galling to a young wife to be out with a husband who is always ready to give the glad eye to anyone who gives him the chance and who is secretly exulted by his passing "conquests."

I really don't think she need be over-anxious in this case. If the man were a "rotter" where other women are concerned he would not be so open about it. He would behave like the ideal husband.

HUMANIST will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. If your letter (without name and address) is quoted you will receive a guinea

Where Spies were Like Locusts

NEW BATTLEFIELDS

Panama! Even before the war it conjured up visions of something vast and vital. Now it is the hub of the life and supply lines of the United Nations.

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

One of our battleships, H.M.S. Nelson, passing through the Canal before the war

BILL BUXTON'S fighter-'plane—his slim P.39 — suddenly phutted and sneezed and then gushed into flames. It happened so suddenly that Bill had no time to think of the reasons why, from sabotage on.

He baled out over the Pacific mudflats and, as he landed and struggled free of the silk, he found himself sinking deep in the mud. He knew they were quicksands.

For three hours, with only his life preserver to help, he fought a losing battle with the sucking ooze. Over the shoals came a rescue gang, but they'd taken two hours to make a quarter of a mile.

Then the tide turned inwards. Not only drowning, but sharks threatened Bill. The rescue gang shot three. And Bill had been dragged down to the shoulders before his rescuers clawed him on to a rubber raft.

That's the kind of thing that's always liable to happen in the Zone, as the sky-boys and soldiers call the the mile breadth of the Panama Canal. It's the place where spies—both Jap and Nazi—were so locust-thick that they overpacked the concentration camps and had to be drafted north.

It's the place where Army corporals make pets of boa constrictors, where troopships sometimes jam tight as cinema queues and where British merchant seamen stock up on bananas for their kids.

It's the zone of war, above all, where the life and supply lines of the United Nations tie into a knot of twelve locks and fifty-one miles.

In theory, the Japs might be able to bomb the locks at Gatun or San Pedro Miguel and hold up the war effort for days. Talk about that to Brig.-Gen. Adlai Gilkeson, air chief of the Caribbean Interceptor Command and double of British air ace Roland Tuck, and he says grimly that Panama isn't another Pearl Harbour.

'Planes Ready

Stowed beneath the green vines of the raw jungle are new airfields where the fastest, newest 'planes of the U.S.A.—machines like the pusher-type Canard and the Lancer bomber-interceptor—are awaiting the Japs.

They may streak in at any time from an aircraft-carrier or maybe suspicions are true that the Japs have a hideout in western South America.

From Gilkeson to General Andrews, U.S. Army chief who can fly transport 'planes on his own, the Caribbean Interceptors are always waiting in Panama. They leave Albrook Field to the civil traffic nowadays and operate from the best-concealed airfields anywhere on earth.

There are going to be lots of surprises for the yellow men, once they start trying. The clumsy old guns on the fortified islands in Panama Bay may be obsolete, but it's no secret that new and deadly ack-ack of an ingenious type struts the Canal banks and straddles the mountain-tops.

No secret that one of the toughest armies Uncle Sam can muster is waiting along the neck between Colon and Panama, and spoiling for a fight.

Andrews keeps lips clamped on the numbers of men pouring into the new sabotage-proof bases, but Tokio knows there are at least 30,000 in the coast artillery command alone.

Three years ago there were only 40,000 Americans in the entire 1,000-square mile area. Now there are new cities mushrooming through, serving the armies of workmen who are sabotage-proofing gates and locks, widening the Gatun Lake, tightening up what Administration Chief General Egerton calls "protective modernisation."

Restaurants and circular bars are mushrooming, too. There never was such a boom in tourist days. Everywhere hangs the sign, "Don't talk about your work—even to your wife!"

They're so secretive about it that the grey-painted *Queen Mary* or strings of Anzac-crowded transports or British submarines go through with their crews ignorant of what is happening ashore.

Some relevant statistics, however, are free. Only 3,000,000 tons of shipping went through in 1915. The figure had doubled by 1918. It doubled again, two years later, to serve the needs of hungry Europe. 27,000,000 tons elbowed through in 1939. Don't be surprised if the traffic exceeds 50,000,000 to-day.

Big Clean-up

It was supremely spectacular 40 years back when 2,000 doctors cleared the yellow fever and malaria and 45,000 Eyties and negroes shovelled away 240,000,000 cubic yards of soil, making the canal. Now a string of steam shovels with 50 men does the work of 1,000 men in the old days.

Quietly and efficiently. . . .

They're spending something above £80,000,000 on the Panama Zone. They've made in some places room for three-way traffic, where only two-way existed before.

But now the mechanical diggers are chewing away soil in an ever-deepening cut, making the Panama Canal half as powerful again as it was before.

The Third Lock Project is one of the reasons for the house scramble, the high prices, the swelling crowds. Hills are being hacked down and around to make new sets of locks which will halve the line-ups for the present pairs.

Spying Bombers

They're being built with an eye to bombers. At the Pacific end the locks are 3,000 feet west of the existing sets. Where Gatun Lake leads into the Atlantic channel the new locks are 3,000 feet east of the old.

"With all the hustle they may not be ready till 1945, though," says Egerton. "In time to race food through to hungry Europe *and* Asia, I imagine."

And, day and night, the skies moan to the thrum of patrolling aircraft—but still the Japs don't come.

A Nazi *coup d'état*, too, has failed.

The Canal Zone is under American sovereignty, but, by international agreement, the defences can only be built with Panama's consent.

Riding the high horse as President of Panama was cocky Arnulfo Arias, who told the U.S.A. that if she didn't watch her step, Germany could be called in to sit astride the Canal Zone.

Maybe he gave the game away. The Americans had already tumbled to the strangers in the Canal Zone—mysterious men who trekked into the hills with short-wave radio sets concealed beneath the blankets of their mules.

Arias lasted precisely a week after his pro-Nazi speech. The mystery men with the radios have been rounded up. Senor Guardia, Panama's present President, is Washington's friend.

He can sleep with a sound conscience. But Panama Canal Zone is always wide awake.

ARE JILTED

No doubt he enjoys attracting attention and makes a sort of hobby of it. But it never enters his head to see things from his wife's point of view. He is just thoughtless and a bit conceited.

But the wife must take care that she doesn't let the poison of jealousy get into her system. She should try to laugh at him and teach him better manners.

RECENTLY I had a letter from a man complaining that his *fiancée* was always making eyes at good-looking men in restaurants. On one occasion he became so irritated that he said: "Look here, are you dining with me or with that fellow at the other table?"

"She was quite hurt," *he wrote*, "and said I was narrow-minded and objected to her being happy. She also said I had the morals of a Victorian father."

Here, again, I think it is not so much a question of morals as of decent manners.

NEXT letter comes from a young airman.

"Fourteen months ago," *he says*, "I made the acquaintance of an A.T.S. girl in a neighbouring village. I went about with her for four months and was introduced to the family, where I was well received.

"But whenever I was out with her she was always in a rather sullen mood, but immediately after I returned to camp I received a letter full of apologies for the way she had treated me. This went on for quite a long time. Then I went on a draft for overseas, but when I saw her she was still in the same sulky mood.

"The draft was cancelled, however, and as soon as I got back I wrote a letter breaking off our friendship. I have since received two letters from her and two from her mother, begging me to forgive her and make it up again.

"Could you please advise me what is the best thing to do? I like the girl quite a lot, but do not love her."

I don't advise the young man to continue with this friendship. If the girl is always gloomy and sullen when she is with him it is quite clear that there is some strong obstruction in the girl's mind.

Her silence is a kind of defence. What that "something" is which comes between them I cannot guess. Perhaps the girl does not know herself.

Even though he had her in his arms she would still be miles away: he could never get past that barrier she has set up against him. It's lucky for his peace of mind that he is not in love with her.

Keep It Up!

SUCCESS must be followed by success is an axiom of warfare which may well be applied to any sphere of human endeavour. Yes, even to your own personal campaign for saving waste paper.

In other words, don't imagine that because you have done well that you can now sit back and leave someone else to carry on the good work.

You've turned out your pockets, you've ransacked every drawer and cupboard, you've combed your bookshelves. Splendid! Now follow it up. Go through the house again from top to bottom. You'll be amazed to find how many odd pieces of paper or cardboard you have previously overlooked.

Among other things there will be all sorts of items which have accumulated since you made your last salvage drive. Unwanted receipts, unwanted letters and circulars, newspapers, laundry lists, seed packets, and so on.

Don't despise the little things. The smallest scrap of paper has its value. Stubs of kinema tickets or bus tickets should all be saved.

So keep on. Follow up success by success in your wastepaper drive and you will be helping to win the war.

And, finally, if you think other members of the public or any local authorities (some councils have been lamentably lax!) are letting the country down, send us a postcard.

Though we cannot enter into correspondence we promise that your complaint will be passed on to the right quarter.

STRAIN

TO-DAY, the most unsensational thing is Strain. You can see it in faces that smile and refuse to complain, you can hear it in voices that sometimes break as they talk, and you can sense its grim weight in the tired brave way people walk.

YOU can catch its tempo in so many different ways; in the rhythm which Suffering, its strange dark melody plays, in the gallant jests of the heroes in all walks of life, in the silences when bad news descends like the blade of a knife.

YOU can feel it, too, in the courage that never gives in; it's the pitch of Life that knows it is going to win. *It's the elastic strand in Faith's Fabric unbroken by Wars; it's the silver edge of our effort in our Life's Greatest Cause.*

AND so this inlay of Strain which at first sight appears; to be wrought from havoc of heart and travail of tears, is the Glorious Weathering strains of our Spirits Undimmed, and will shine through the pattern with which VICTORY'S CUP will be rimmed.

J. M.

Make the "TONGUE TEST" twice!

before and after using Irium

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Do you feel a slimy coating? If you do, you need Irium — the new super-cleanser in Pepsodent. For Irium flushes film away, and keeps it away by polishing teeth so slimy-smooth that film slides off. Change to Pepsodent-today and see the brilliant change that comes over your teeth when dingy stain-collecting film disappears for good.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

7½d. 1/3, 2/3 Including Tax

PEPSODENT

213-6-P

diphtheria is DEADLY

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Have your child Immunised FREE — *the sooner after the first birthday the better.*

Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

D4

Fly away Pain!

If you have a headache, or any kind of nerve pain, take two tablets of Phensic with a little water. Relief will come quickly. Try Phensic also as a "Pick-me-up."

Phensic is very rapidly absorbed by the system. It can therefore quickly exert its pain-relieving power. Apart from this immediate relief the general effect of Phensic is to strengthen and refresh both body and mind. Ask for Phensic to-day! 3½d, 1/4, 3/3. *including Purchase Tax.*

Phensic

"Pronounced 'FEN-SIK' DOESN'T RAISE BLISTERS"

NO TABLETS ONE HALF LESS

NEW **Optabs** EYE LOTION TABLETS

For the Preservation and the Relief of Eye

One Optabs Eye Lotion Tablet in ordinary tap-water makes an eye-bath full of stimulating eye lotion. Use Optabs—and tired eyes will sparkle again.

10" 3/4 & 5/6 INC. TAX

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Makes light of cooking

The Best in the World

LAST LAUGH

O. J. (Pulborough).—"Natives of some South Sea Islands still use sea-shells and sharks' teeth for money." It is becoming a pressing problem in this country what to use for it.

PRIVATE (East Coast).—"The artillery recruit is advised to keep his mouth open when hearing heavy gunfire for the first time." And then close it, resisting the temptation to take advantage of the opportunity to say something to the battery sergeant-major.

A. F. (Darlington).—"We were given an atrociously ugly vase as a wedding present and for weeks my wife and I have been debating what to do with it. In fact we have had words as to where it should be put." Why not let the whole thing drop?

I. D. (Thorpe).—"Farm workers are to wear green battledress." Until this shows definite signs of wear, scarecrows in mufti will continue to do duty.

B. G. (Haywards Heath).—"A Negro Commando unit has been formed in America." This should mean a great saving in burnt cork for raid wear.

A. V. (Albrighton).—"I have every confidence in my invention which will ensure rain just when and where it is wanted." You think you will be able to raise the wind, too?

E. B. (London, S.W.).—"An income-tax office was recently broken into." It cannot be too strongly stressed that the only officially recognised method of obtaining a rebate is to fill up a form.

JOURNALIST (Neasden).—"When peace comes, London newspapers will be the same as they were before the war." Except that there may be a certain amount of boasting by journals about how they kept their circulations down.

R. W. (Barnstaple).—"She has several cats and insists on bells being tied round their necks." This seems hard luck on the cats, but we suppose they comfort themselves with the thought that one day they may encounter some deaf mice.

M. Y. (Cheam).—"Standing on one foot is recommended as a physical exercise." The other day we noticed a strap-hanger standing on three. One of them was ours.

S. K. (Preston).—"The sensible wife closes an eye when she catches her husband kissing a girl." Sometimes she closes both his eyes.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"What's he mad about—Hitler?"
"Nao, Cromwell."

D. L. (Minehead).—"I thought my husband had had too much to drink on the previous night because of his extraordinary behaviour in the kitchen before breakfast." Was he trying to put his head in the refrigerator?

G. H. (Edwinstowe).—"He is an extraordinary old man. When he was eighty he challenged another octogenarian to a duel." With armoured bath-chairs?

T. C. (Ancoats).—"He has made a large fortune from manufacturing footwear. I wish I were in his shoes." Perhaps you are.

AUTHOR (Wallingford). — "My latest thriller story was nearly completed when it was stolen by a burglar." Not quite the surprise ending you had planned, eh?

OSWALD (Leamington Spa).—"I could sit down and write several pages regarding the war effort for you." Then keep standing, please.

J. M. (Kennington).—"You will perhaps agree that, when I spoke to you at your office, I knew what I was talking about." Possibly, but we didn't.

P. N. (Faversham).—"I have sent many articles to editors all over the country but every one has come back. How can I prevent this?" Don't let them have your address.

Side-Slips

EVENING DISPATCH (EDINBURGH): "DRIVER —— is officially reported to have been FOUNDED in Madagascar."

REYNOLDS NEWS: "One suit, one overcoat, two pairs of BOATS or shoes . . ."

EVENING NEWS: "Off he walked into the dark night. Once in his own house he lit a light, and then the telephone rang. He SWAM down to the hall to answer it."

GREATEST OF THESE

● A thirty-nine-year-old ex-Serviceman, William Ferguson, of Glasgow, has appealed to us for financial help. He is unable to work through heart trouble and neurasthenia.

Following the death of their child, his wife's health has been very indifferent. Their total income is only 32s. a week, out of which 12s. rent has to be paid. With the small balance at their disposal, suitable food and other necessities present a serious problem to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson.

The minister of the parish assures us that this is a very deserving case, and any assistance given will be wisely used and greatly appreciated.

Will readers who are able to help kindly send donations earmarked "39," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund Box,* 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Every penny you send is passed to those in need, as all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,333

FIRST PRIZE £50

R. V. Gegg, 47, Ashcroft Road, Cirencester, Glos, for this "Bullet."

THAT MAN

FAST WORKER—FASTER, WORKERS!

£20: B. Marshall, 30, Brooklyn Avenue, Layton, Blackpool.
Through The Long Sea—"Passage," Empties "Fasting Draughts."

£10: N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Through The Long Grass—In Whitehall, "Lion" Checked.

£5: Mrs. C. M. Morris, 3, Camberley Ave., Rayners Park, S.W.20.
Make We Roll—Rules Ginnie? Rules Trains!

£1: R. Murdoch, 10, Torphin Road, Edinburgh 12.
In Britain's Hands—Weapons—In Clock's, Wembley.

£1: R. H. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.
When The Ship Went Down—Sandy Was "Sinking Another."

£1: G. Hodson, 4, Grape Street, Keighley.
We Regret—Being "Stevenson," Encouraging "Hitlerman."

£1: R. C. Anderson, 6, Gurney Road, Northolt, Middlesex.
That Man—Hypnotic "Two Fronts" Hurrify.

£1: L. S. Taylor, 125, Canterbury Grove, West Norwood, S.E.27.
To Sammy's Successors—Highest "Mark," Black Eye!

£1: R. H. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.
In Love—Hitler—Gave House Receiving!

£1: K. Walker, "Glen Mayo," Hawthorne, Middlewich.
To Sammy's Career—"War Damage" Without "Compensation."

£1: J. Weston, 6, Cuthbert's Road, Barlestone, Nr. Nuneaton.
That Man—Ex-Serviceman Who Loves War.

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 285

WINNING WORDS: 1. Cube. 2. Wood or Wool. 3. Rain. 4. Wanted. Air. 6. Boots. 7. Rib. 8. Coaster. 9. Fir. 10. Loss. 11. Pasta. 12. Case. 13. Drag. 14. Tuna.

£100 SHARERS: Mrs. L. Blakley, 1a, Balsall St. W., Bedford; E. Burton, 7, Woodstock Rd., Strood, Rochester; Mrs. E. A. Burton, 7, Woodstock Rd., Strood, Rochester; G. E. Johnson, Uplands, Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge; J. Johnson, 2a Block, Lewis Buildings, Liverpool Rd., N.1.

Awards value £25 shared between 20 runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

This Week's

FOOD FACTS

THE PERSONAL RATION BOOK

1 Personal Points rationing of sweets and chocolates began on July 26th — a day earlier than the date on the coupons in the Personal Ration Book — so as to bring this scheme into line with all the other food-rationing periods.

2 NO REGISTRATION IS REQUIRED. It will help distribution, however, if you buy from your previous supplier. Besides, it is only fair that you should buy from any retailer who has previously tried to give you a fair supply.

3 Write your name and address and National Registration number in the space provided.

4 Coupons will be cut out by the retailer. He is not allowed to cut out half coupons.

5 The coupons used will be the four 'D' coupons and the four 'E' coupons, marked July 27th to August 23rd, in the Personal Ration Book. Each of these eight coupons will be worth 1 point, so in the first four weeks everyone will have 8 points to spend.

6 Sweets and chocolates will required 16 points per lb., *whatever the kind or price*; so you will be able to buy at the rate of 2 oz. per week for the first four weeks. Production is actually greater than this, and when all shopkeepers' stocks have been built up, it is expected to increase the ration.

7 The eight coupons are available for use at any time in the four weeks together or separately.

8 Lines sold by the piece or put up by the makers in packets — such as bars and tubes — not exceeding 3d. each will be treated for rationing as being of the following weights (whatever their actual weight):—

Lines at ½d. will count as ½ ounce and require 1 Point for two.

Lines at 1d. and 1½d. will count as 1 ounce and require 1 Point.

Lines at 2d., 2½d. and 3d. will count as 2 ounces and require 2 Points.

All other lines will require coupons according to their actual weight (1 Point per ounce.)

SAVING WAYS

When you go to the butcher remember to take a cloth to wrap the meat in, or, as they've always done in some parts of the country, a dish and a cloth. That makes it easier for the butcher and *saves* paper.

Cook more than one vegetable in the same saucepan; putting them in at different times so that they're all ready together; hot spring salad, for instance — new potatoes, young carrots and green peas. Delicious! And it *saves* fuel.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 108

WARDONIA BLADES FOR BETTER SHAVES

FIT ALL SAFETY RAZORS

SMALL PACKET 1/-. LARGE PACKET 2/6 PLUS TAX. ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I.

USE this Medicinal Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura SOAP

CAPENSIS GUARANTEED 100% PURE

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Made only by

The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd. HACKNEY WICK E 9 LONDON, E.9.

CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for X-WORDS and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For results of Xwords No. 285, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.					3p	3p	3p
1 EVEN AMATEUR KEEPER OF BEES MAY WELL EXPECT TO MAKE				O	N	E	Y	
2 SCULPTOR COMMISSIONED BY GREAT MAN WILL PROBABLY DO THIS		B		S	T	■	■	
3 EXHILARATING AIR SOMETIMES COMES FROM	S	E		■	■	■	■	
4 YOU PAY DEARLY FOR THIS				R	A	S	H	
5 GARDEN RESEARCH DESERVES SUCH A SUM OF MONEY		G		A	N	T	■	
6 MANY WOMEN THINK DOING LOT OF THIS MAKES WASHING HARD WORK	B	E		D	I	N	G	
7 ADDENDA OF PROOFS MAY CAUSE ONE TO FALL FLAT				I	N	E	■	
8 KINDLY (KEEPS THINGS WITH THIS		B		B	■	■	■	
9 IT'S GOOD TO FIND ONE HAS BEEN GIVEN EIGHT SHEET OF POLISH	C	U		■	■	■	■	
10 IN DAYS OF HOLD-UPS, HIGHWAYMEN GREW FAMILIAR WITH FACE OF				E	A	T	H	
11 SYMPTOM OF FEVER MAY BE SPOTTED IN THIS	F	L		S	H	■	■	
12 MAY WELL BE EXPECTED TO SHOW SOME UNDERSTANDING OF FOREIGNERS		W		I	T	E	R	
13 INJUDICIOUS PEOPLE CAN BE BADLY STUNG BY WILD ONES	B	E		S	■	■	■	
14 IT'S WISE TO FORCE THEM ON CERTAIN TYPE OF CHILDREN				E	S	T	S	

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Aug. 28.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, AUG. 17

Signed .....

Address.....

289

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie as time. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co/; write Name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS

1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 30s., 20s., 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Aug. 28. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,333rd Contest on page 14.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

NEEDED FOR VICTORY
THE REAL THING
ALWAYS PAYS
ERRAND OF MERCY
THROWN AWAY
FEAT OF ENDURANCE
AT OUR CHARITY FETE
WAR-TIME BEER
BLACK OUTLOOK
CUSHY JOB
WEARILY
DAD'S TOMATOES
JUST A MEMORY

THANKS TO THE RUSSIANS
WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR
EVERY LITTLE HELPS, SO
CONFOUNDED IMPERTINENCE
LOOK BEHIND YOU AND
THOUSANDS OF OFFICIALS
PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE, BUT
IF ... WERE RATIONED
MAKES ..... SEE RED
FOR LACK OF .....
ONE OF THE .....
HALF THE .....
SHORT CUT TO .....

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated August 28.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,337 Monday, Aug. 17.

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,337—or Xword No. 289, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

WHAT DOCTORS ADVISE FOR "Growing Up" Girls

Many mothers do not realize that their daughters' so-called "natural" pains, sick headaches and listlessness are not natural at all. Much of the trouble is simply the result of poisonous waste in the system.

What doctors advise is to help nature to get rid of these poisons in a safe, gentle and harmless way. Simply give your daughter the "natural" laxative known as 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a delicious-tasting liquid containing the juices of fresh, whole, sun-ripened figs.

Quickly you will see your girl recover health and energy. New cheerfulness will replace nervous, crying spells. Headaches and other painful symptoms vanish. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand when you buy.

FALSE TEETH WHAT DENTISTS ADVISE

For holding dental plates firmly in position Dentists are now recommending a new preparation. It comes in a tube and is called Dentesive. It holds longer and firmer. No powders, no sprinkling, no spilling, no waste. One application gives all-day comfort, confidence and security. Enables you to eat anything without difficulty. Eliminates all risk of embarrassment from a slipping denture when talking, or laughing. Dentesive is applied just as it comes from the tube. It is the modern professional method for correcting loose dentures. Price 7½d. and 1/3 at chemists.

Easy ways to make your Lux Toilet Soap last longer

WE all of us want to make our soap last as long as we can these days. Here are some easy ways to do so:

★ When your Lux Toilet Soap is not in use, keep it on a little rubber mat, if you have one, or in a wire tray. This keeps it *dry* — and *dry* soap doesn't waste away.

★ Take care when washing not to let the tablet stay in the water longer than you can help. And *never* let it lie about in the bath or basin.

★ Make up your mind now never to wash under a running tap and never to let the small remaining piece of a tablet slip down the waste pipe.

★ These left-over bits of soap can be very useful. Either stick the remains of one tablet on to the new tablet, or save all the pieces and tie them up in a little muslin bag. This is grand for washing-up, or for use when soaking hankies or dusters.

★ Finally, give up rubbing the soap on to your face-flannel and, instead, use this economical 2-minute beauty treatment. First, wring out your flannel in hot water and hold it against your face for a few seconds. Then, rub your moistened finger tips over the Lux Toilet Soap tablet and gently massage the whole face, beginning with the chin and working upwards in small circles to the forehead. Rinse with splashes of cold water.

★ All these hints are easy to carry out. They save a surprising amount of soap. Put them into practice and your Lux Toilet Soap tablet will last far longer than ever before.

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

3-oz. tablet (3½d.) for one coupon

Weight nett when manufactured. Price includes Purchase Tax.

TL 1268-9 A LEVER PRODUCT

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

IN HANDY BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

You can save the country's much needed metal by buying your Gibbs Dentifrice in the handy battledress refills. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans best, lasts longest. No mess, no waste. Popular Size Refills 7d, including tax.

7d (Including Purchase Tax) Price U.K. only

SAVE THE COUNTRY'S METAL

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1 GD 2345

Mrs. R: Working out the family meals is a bigger problem than ever these days.

Mrs. K: It was for me, but now I buy Fry's every week, and that helps a lot. A cup of Fry's puts nourishment into even the lightest of meals. It's real food out of a cup, I always say.

Mrs. R: Thanks for the tip. Fry's goes on my weekly order for good.

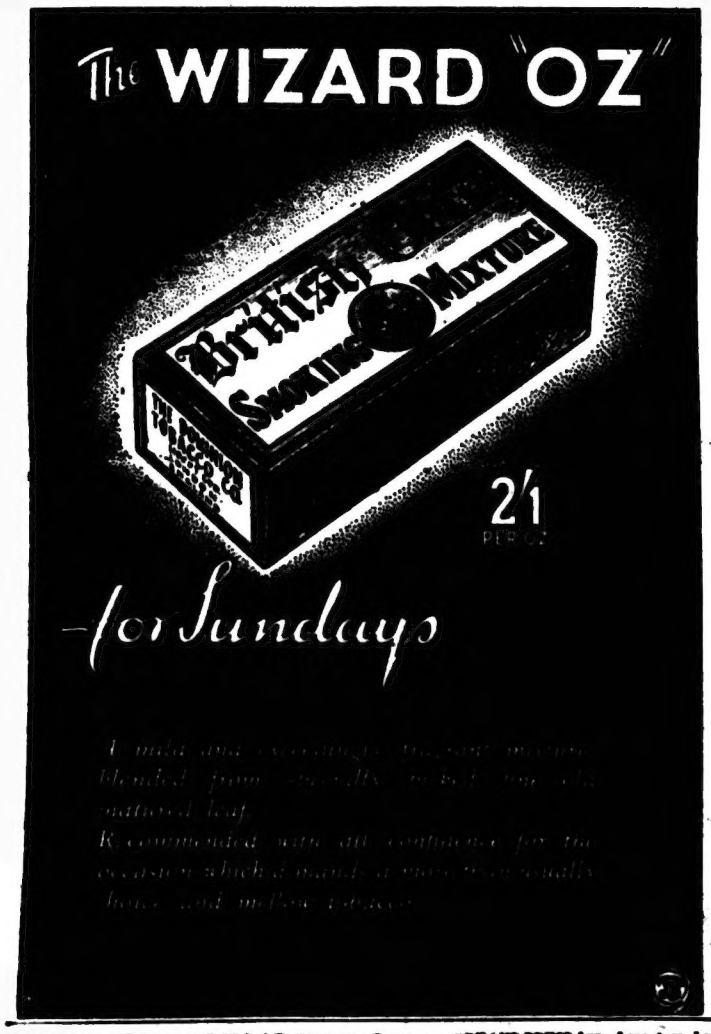
Mrs. K: Another thing, it's one really good food that everyone can afford — and that's something these days. If your family's anything like mine they'll love it — *it's the Cocoa with the real Chocolate flavour.*

FRY'S COCOA

The food you should buy EVERY WEEK

4D QTR. LB. · 8½D HALF LB.

★ Always use a tin to store your cocoa in



Thanks from Birmingham for

Fynnon Salt

How's this for a happy experience? Mr. W. of Birmingham writes: "*For years I had suffered from a mild form of rheumatism, combined with headache and general lassitude. In August 1940 as a result of seeing frequent advertisements for Fynnon Salt, I purchased a tin and took a dose every morning. The result was wonderful; in a very short time . . . I felt like a new man — refreshed and invigorated in mind and body.*"

Few rheumatic cases are exactly alike but most benefit enormously as a result of taking Fynnon Salt. Fynnon washes away rheumatic acids from the blood-stream, flushes liver and kidneys. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax. As a wartime economy Fynnon Salt is now packed in a round tin.*

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

RELIEF and HEALING

Dettol Ointment calms and relieves the irritation of septic skin disorders. *But, what is even more important,* it sinks deeply into the inflamed tissue and there attacks and destroys the germs which are the cause of the inflammation, and which by their poisons make healing both difficult and slow.

Here then is an ointment which fights for you — fights to relieve you from the pain and torment of those obstinate skin disorders which are caused or aggravated by germ infection. From the moment you apply this new actively antiseptic ointment it works surely, gently, and actively till all septic hindrance to clean, safe healing is removed.

Dettol Ointment marks a new departure in the treatment of skin affections. It contains the active germicidal principle of 'Dettol,' the antiseptic which is used in all our great hospitals.

From all chemists, 2/5 includes tax

DETTOL OINTMENT

Healing & Actively Antiseptic

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